Ford's Balancing Act *John Osborne*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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TWO ON ANGOLA

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A Letter to Liberals

Colin Legum

Bleeding Lebanon — *Jon Kimche*

Loeb's Own Medicine — *TRB*

On Walter De la Mare — *I.A. Richards*

Ted Hughes' Art — *Denis Donoghue*

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TRB

from Washington ®
January 31, 1976

Roasting Loeb

One of the fastest-selling books in the country isn't on the best-seller list yet because the people of New Hampshire gobble it up before it can get out of the state but I bought one at a shoestand, at Dover—all 472 devastating pages of it—when I was up there with Ronald Reagan, and smuggled it out, and pretty soon maybe you can buy one, too. Copies are going at about 5000 a week ($5.95 paperback). It's called *Who the Hell* Is *William Loeb?* by Kevin Cash. Seventy-thousand are now in type, and Cash, who created the Amoskeag Press, Inc., publishers of Manchester, New Hampshire, after 11 regular publishers turned him down, is arranging now for national distribution.

The New Hampshire presidential primary comes in just one month, and is the first in the nation's quadrennial process of picking the world's most powerful political leader, and Loeb owns the only statewide newspaper in New Hampshire where for 30 years he has attempted and has sometimes succeeded in skewing results with venomous, personal, arch-conservative front-page editorials. Churned by Loeb, the New Hampshire primary is peculiarly treacherous. Consider the record: Republicans in 1964 gave Henry Cabot Lodge a write-in majority although he wasn't even on the ballot, and Goldwater, who had Loeb's support, ultimately doomed himself by favoring "voluntary" social security and advocating sending the marines to Guantanamo.

Four years later George Romney dropped out in New Hampshire after his "I was brainwashed" gaffe on Vietnam; and Gene McCarthy's high score in the primary caused Lyndon Johnson not to run. In 1972 Loeb peddled the preposterous Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles for President, and printed the "Canuck" dirty-trick letter that tripped up Sen. Muskie. And now again in 1976 Loeb's candidate Ronald Reagan is trying to explain his "$90 billion" budget cut proposal, getting in deeper all the time (he told a New Hampshire audience that if poor people don't like the way a state saves on welfare payments under his plan they could always move to another state).

Loeb operates in this antique feudal fiefdom with what Theodore H. White calls "the paranoid Manchester *Union Leader*," and some people cringe as they did before Joe McCarthy. When Dr. Thomas N. Bonner came to head New Hampshire University he thought Loeb a "laughable Neanderthal" but then the Loeb attack came: "It was then I learned that New Hampshire was afraid." New Hampshire has no sales or income tax, ranks 50th among states in per capita support of higher education, and Loeb has helped drive one president after another from the university under a system (says Bonner) that cows "politicians, churchmen, professional leaders, university trustees."

An Authentic Eccentric

On November 7, 1960, JFK in a speech in front of Loeb's newspaper office charged that Loeb "has less regard for the truth" than any publisher he knew. Loeb responded characteristically in an editorial headlined,

"The No. 1 Liar
in the United States."

Loeb greeted Rocky's visit to New Hampshire in 1964 with one of his front-page editorials calling him a "wife-swapper," and was relatively mild to Gene McCarthy whom he merely called a "Skunk's Skunk's Skunk." Kevin Cash publishes an appendix of Loeb epithets: Dwight Eisenhower was "That stinking hypocrite"; Muskie, "Moscow Muskie"; Kissinger, "Kissinger the Kike?"; President Ford, "Jerry the Jerk." Richard Nixon, who valued Loeb's political support, pardoned Jimmy Hoffa, who had given the *Union Leader* a two million dollar loan.

And so, in Cash's phrase, "Who the hell *is* William Loeb?" Born in 1905 he is the son of Teddy Roosevelt's confidential secretary; he had all the advantages, went to the best schools, and has always seemed a loner and a misfit. One's wonder about him deepens in reading Cash's book; surely he is an authentic American eccentric. Every visitor to his baronial demesne at Prides Crossing, Massachusetts (he lives outside New Hampshire) remarks on his gracious personal manners though both he and his third wife, a publishing heiress, believe in self-protection by firearms. (He shot the *Union Leader*'s office cat.)

Loeb often attacks wives and daughters of opponents on "moral" grounds, the latest victim being Betty Ford. Take the case of 15-year-old Meg Peterson, daughter of the New Hampshire governor who, in 1969, incautiously told a reporter that she saw nothing wrong with smoking pot. Loeb mounted a characteristic crusade against her and family. Finally Gov. Peterson bought a front page advertisement in the *Union Leader* for $840.18, imploring Loeb to "stop picking on my 15-year-old daughter . . . why not pick on someone your own size?" Loeb's editorial response was headed, "Poor Pa, Poor Meg." Besides Betty Ford he has also attacked Jacqueline Kennedy, Eleanor McGovern and Jane Muskie.

Cash says Loeb wasn't in his father's will and his mother disowned him. At Hotchkiss, according to author Cash, they referred to him as "the Jew kid." This explains, perhaps, why Loeb has twice done an astonishing thing: published the facsimile of his baptismal certificate, signed by the Episcopal bishop of Washington, with Theodore Roosevelt and Edith Kermit Roosevelt as sponsors, first on the front page of his Vermont paper, and then in the *Union Leader*, with a headline, "Intolerance is Not in New Hampshire's Tradition."

It is fun to watch outside reporters recoil at first sight of Loeb's paper. Sure enough, traveling with Reagan this month we found an authentic front page Loeb editorial in block print saying that "there may have been bigger incompetents and bigger fools" than Ford in the White House but, if so, "history has not recorded them!"

Yes, he goes for the jugular. And this raises a question for Ford's Republican opponent: "You know about publisher Loeb. You know his record. As a candidate for the presidency you are trying to help restore decency to American public life. Do you, Ronald Reagan, accept William Loeb's support?"

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Money and Sanctimony

We do not recall ever sharing the general mugwump enthusiasm for John Gardner, certainly not since that day long ago when in this side of an hour we read his mediocre book on *Excellence*. From the moment, moreover, when, in upperclass living rooms across the country, he launched Common Cause, there were other indications that presumption would be his badge: demonstrably, he had come to believe in his own credentials as a keeper of public morals, though rather in the eldering way of people who, proclaiming themselves servants of God, insist also that they are "humble." Watergate was made for the likes of Gardner: at least it gave his unfocused enterprise a new lease on life—and a purpose. There is little so frantic, after all, as a democracy in one of its periodic fits of self-righteousness, and Gardner was able to channel the rage for some orderly purgative into legislation, popular initiatives, and—we now learn—detailed codes of campaign behavior to which his custodial army would try to hold aspirants for political office.

Gardner's greatest legislative accomplishment is the monstrously arcane campaign financing law whose constitutionality is now being tested before the Supreme Court. Passed in the shadow of Nixon's worst perfidies, the law has nearly everyone at least a bit apprehensive that the passion for reform may have led Congress to infringe on the first amendment guarantees of free expression. None of this, however, has diminished the political clout of Gardner's mission. A fortnight ago, his organization announced that all but two of the horde now running for President had pledged themselves to abide by rules that are either so vague as to be meaningless, so obvious as to be redundant, or so onerous as to make you wonder why any dignified person would think of complying at all. It is the last category which concerns us.

The contenders promise to make "public a statement of personal financial holdings, including assets and debts, sources of income, honoraria, gifts and other financial transactions over $1000, covering candidate, spouse and dependent children." What right does John Gardner have to information about the earnings of a candidate's teenage child, or a legacy left to a spouse by a rich aunt? Or for that matter even to information about the personal debts of a candidate? How does it help the public understand a campaign or judge a record?

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And why should the fact that an individual aspires to or holds office imply obligations upon his family to tell all—or anything for that matter—especially to reveal what only yesterday we thought legitimately to be private, even inviolate? A recent ugly instance of this is the assumption that Mrs. Marion Javits had no right to a job of her own choice because her husband is an influential senator.

On the evidence of the past, there is not even the sparsest argument that can be made for a genuine public interest in the information that is being demanded. The corrupt, moreover, will lie; and those who tell the truth will have contributed one more digression from the crucial substance of political debate, which should be how we are to be governed. In our day, however, personal exposure and revelation have displaced serious exposition and analysis as the favored mode of public discourse. The press certainly is more interested in the insignificant but perhaps scabrous aspects of a public person's life than in what the life stands for and has served. This is why "the search and destroy operation" is now standard fare in our best newspapers. Given this temper among the arbiters of the political culture, it is not surprising that most of the candidates supinely yielded to Gardner's snooping. Some of them seemed positively exhilarated to show how little or how much they had. Sensing political hay, Fred Harris and Sargent Shriver breathlessly promised Common Cause almost more than it asked. Of course, several of the candidates seem to concede that they are easily corruptible. In response to an environmental group's inquiry, they answered that they would not take contributions from oil company executives. Do they trust themselves so little?

There is, of course, some continuum between the public and the private life. But when the dividing lines are eroded, we all suffer: the politicians, their families and us. That Lyndon Johnson had the American people eyeing his post-operative scars was his grotesque way of being intimate with the millions. Yet anyone who knows children of politicians must be aware of the price they pay for the glare that illumines nothing important. The breakdown of the private sphere extends to the whole citizenry: if we claim the right to know the tax returns, the medical bulletins, the psychiatric histories of government officials, we should not be stunned when they do not respect our privacy, when they violate it as our reformers claim the right to violate theirs. In the end we will get what we deserve: politicians without private lives or private feelings, men and women, as the Austrian novelist Robert Musil put it, wholly "without qualities."

Common Cause is not alone in the business of scrutinizing the personal lives of the candidates. Jack Anderson has asked them all to submit to him both a current medical report and the last five years of their tax returns. He has not, to our knowledge, imputed wrong to those who refuse, as Common Cause has done with its two recalcitrants. But the editors of the slick *New Times* have done it for Anderson. "Failure to comply" with his request, they say in their issue of January 9, "may raise more interesting questions than those that surface in the tax returns and health reports themselves." This is prurient vigilantism. Gardner was predictably more delicate with his threats: "The public will want to know whether these two candidates disagree with the standards or cannot live with them politically," particularly the requirement for public disclosure of personal financial holdings. One of the two who has not signed on Gardner's dotted line is Ronald Reagan, though his spokesman assured *The New York Times* that the candidate "can probably agree with all these points." Eugene McCarthy, the other candidate out of step, has not himself responded either to Anderson or to Common Cause; but he did tell the Gridiron dinner that he had received an inquiry from a religious group that amounted to a request for "transcripts, if not tapes, of my confessions over the last 10 years." This is, we suppose, his way of answering. His campaign manager, however, wrote Gardner directly, not felicitously but expressing a sentiment with which we fully sympathize. "Take your enclosed standards and stuff them in your ear."

COMING: John Osborne
on the case
against Kissinger

Assessing Iowa

In writing about who won and who lost in last week's first precinct caucuses in Iowa, the daily press was obviously intent on not repeating mistakes of four years ago. Reporters did not, for instance, discuss how well Jimmy Carter had done compared to how well he was expected to do. Carter won the most votes and the most delegates. Carter won and that's that. Birch Bayh came in second, merely second. There is, however, more to the story. More voters—37 percent—wound up uncommitted than in any candidate's camp (Carter won 27 percent). Included among the uncommitted are many staunch supporters of the third, fourth and fifth place finishers. Iowa's rules require any candidate to get at least 15 percent support to be eligible for a proportional share of the caucus delegates. Where one candidate or another fell short of that amount, his supporters drifted into the uncommitted column to keep their options open at the county conventions. So Fred Harris, Morris Udall, Sargent Shriver and Henry

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Jackson probably have slightly more backing in Iowa than the results showed.

Iowa didn't settle much; the Democratic nomination for President remains open. But there is more than one race going on inside the Democratic party, and Iowa's results reflect that.

First there is a contest to see who will emerge as the "consensus" liberal. In this race, Iowa gave Bayh an early lead. Fred Harris is the favorite of about one-third of the leftmost one-third of the Democratic party, and his 9.9 percent showing in Iowa tells very little about how much he will be able to expand on that base. Nevertheless he has already proven himself resourceful enough at running a campaign on nearly no money to justify the expectation that he will be around till the bitter end. Shriver on the other hand, has been unable to capitalize on either his familiar name or his family ties, indicating that he may be around only a little while. In state after state, Bayh and Udall seem to be competing for the same constituency and Iowa's results tell something of one's strengths and the other's weaknesses. Despite his late entry, Bayh shrewdly concentrated on winning labor support—as he always said he would—and building from there. Bayh sells himself as the one liberal who can appeal simultaneously to the most conservative George Meany dominated unions and the supporters of George McGovern. Udall, in contrast, seemed consistently unable to project a clear impression of who he was to the voters of Iowa.

The next installments are the New Hampshire primary on February 24 and the one in Massachusetts a week later. For them Bayh's strategy is about the same. Udall has been in the campaign longer and apparently has enough money raised and banked to sustain a full effort in the first two primaries. When the last federal matching funds were passed out Udall collected $408,765 and Bayh only $14,419.

A second contest is between Henry Jackson and Jimmy Carter to see who will occupy the party's center in the coming primaries. Up to now, Carter has been unjustifiably considered part of the liberal pack. As one of the other candidates put it, "If I were for capital punishment, fudging on abortion, opposed to federal assistance for New York City, had deplored the fact that William Calley was convicted for the My Lai massacre, helped organize the stop-McGovern movement in 1972, hobnobbed with George Wallace and nominated Scoop Jackson, nobody'd consider me a liberal. How the hell does Carter get away with it?"

Well, Iowa began to clear that up too. Jimmy Carter seems to know that he's in for tougher scrutiny now and that his main opponent in the days ahead is Henry Jackson. When asked who he thought the Iowa results would hurt the most, Carter immediately named Jackson, saying that despite "a major effort there, Jackson got almost no votes." It is true that Henry Jackson got few votes. It is not true, however, that he ever regarded Iowa as a major event on his agenda.

Intangibles

One of the smaller and less noted items in President Ford's budget unveiled to Congress last week is the appropriation for the National Foundation for the Arts and Humanities. The foundation, consisting of the National Endowment for the Arts and the National Endowment for the Humanities, started in 1965 with $2.5 million, and has now reached a level of $189 million, $94.5 million for each endowment. This is the kind of logarithmic growth we have come to expect of federal agencies. In the case of the foundation, however, the proposed figures seem justified, and may in fact prove inadequate.

Both endowments have done remarkable jobs over their few years, not simply in being available to petitioners but by actively seeking interesting areas for funding and by inventing programs for places where cultural life has been scarce. The arts endowment has made a better show of its work in the press because an event in the performing arts is more readily understandable to the public and translatable into a news story, and because its chairwoman, Nancy Hanks, is a clever and relentless politician whose staff has had the sense to play up Hanks' lively personality as the embodiment of the endowment's spirit.

The humanities endowment, whose influence is at least as wide and probably deeper than the arts endowment's is often regarded as "the other one." NEH has helped to create some spectacular events, but is almost never credited with them. It brought *War and Peace* and the Japanese film series to American television, and was responsible for the traveling China exhibit, and the tapestry and "Scythian Gold" exhibits at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Recently a grant from the humanities endowment made possible the highly praised television series, "The Adams Chronicles." Still the endowment remains in the background at these events. Its intention and mandate are not to present star attractions, but to encourage some serious thinking on cultural matters and to deal with process, which is something few newsmen and, sometimes, few senators appreciate. Sen. Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island, one of the earliest supporters of the endowments, seems to have forgotten that the business of NEH is to have long-range effects on culture. An article in *The Washington Star* (Jan. 21) reported that Pell, chairman of the Senate special subcommittee on the arts and humanities, is opposed to the reappointment of Ronald Berman as NEH chairman on the grounds that Berman has not made his endowment as visible as its sister agency. The standard of visibility is antilogical for NEH, and dangerous for any federal agency, if all visibility means is political clout. NEH does what it is supposed to do by promoting history, philosophy, literature, *et al.*—things impossible to grasp, except by thinking.

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Fortunately for the hundreds of colleges and cultural institutions it serves, NEH has remained more faithful to its original purposes than has Sen. Pell. In the past year alone, through universities and library programs, state committees and fellowship grants, the endowment has brought an understanding of the humanities to millions—union members, women with families, and high school students, as well as professional researchers. As for individual scholarship, always the backbone of the humanities, no institution since the Medicis has had such force.

The democratization of the best in culture was Berman's promise, when he took office in 1971. Berman, himself a Shakespearean scholar has built an outstanding organization at NEH and has been praised by both political parties for his judgment and fairness. Like Nancy Hanks he embodies the spirit of his endowment, and speaks eloquently for the life of the mind. He should be confirmed quickly, over Pell's opposition.

Six Million Workers Minus George Meany

After 1972 it was commonly assumed that the power of labor inside the Democratic party was permanently diminished. Not only had the party's reforms forced the process into the open where labor's traditional brokers had less leverage, but there were growing signs of estrangement between big labor's aging leadership and its rank and file. Moreover George Meany had been out-strategized, out-organized and outraged by the new politics faction. From Miami, where the Democrats were meeting to nominate his nemesis, George McGovern, came the now famous wirephoto of Meany and his luggage sitting on the sidewalk outside his hotel, waiting to leave town long before the convention was finished.

Following the November election, unions controlled by the AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education (COPE) seemed ready to get reinvolved. They helped oust McGovern's hand-picked national chairwoman, Jean Westwood, in favor of party treasurer Robert Strauss, who along with Meany sat out the 1972 McGovern-Nixon contest, and threw their weight behind an effort to roll back the reforms. However, last February, Meany and COPE Director Alexander Barkan changed their minds. Still unhappy about the amount of influence gained and retained by reform elements in the party, they put through a resolution in the federation's executive council pledging to stay clear of this year's primaries and caucuses and to wait until both candidates have been chosen.

Directly following the passage of that resolution—nine unions—six of them AFL-CIO affiliates—began forming a common strategy that has involved them directly and deeply in Democratic party affairs, and may also lead to their holding the most cohesive bloc of delegates at the 1976 convention. The unions, now banded together in a loose confederation called the Labor Coalition Clearinghouse, include the United Auto Workers (UAW), the United Mine Workers (UMW); the National Education Association (NEA); the International Association of Machinists; the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers (IUE); the Communication Workers of America (CWA); the Graphic Arts International union; the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME); and the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers.

Together, they represent the core of those unions that ignored George Meany's neutral stand in 1972 and threw in with McGovern. Of those affiliated with the AFL-CIO (which NEA, UMW and UAW are not) most have now set up separate political action units of their own and discontinued the practice of sending their political funds along to COPE to be spent for them. They have a combined membership of over six million, and one or another coalition union is represented in every state.

The six people usually credited with putting and holding Coalition Clearinghouse together are all drawn from union political and legislative staffs in Washington, DC. They include William Welsh and Mary Scheckelhoff from AFSCME, Bill Dodds from the UAW, Bill Holayter from the Machinists, Edward Donahue from Graphic Arts, and Mikel Miller from CWA, who heads the clearinghouse staff.

At this time the coalition's game plan probably represents the best strategic thinking in Democratic presidential politics. First, it takes account of labor's own experiences in 1972, when some unions, like the 1.3 million member UAW jumped in early with money and manpower behind a candidate (Sen. Edmund Muskie) who looked more like a winner than he turned out to be. In Ohio, the UAW poured $25,000 in members' contributions into the Muskie effort, only to have the senator drop out before the primary, provoking UAW President Leonard Woodcock's sheepish comment, "You see before you a man without a candidate." Other unions—notably those guided by COPE—followed a nationwide strategy of attempting to elect "uncommitted" delegates, an effort that washed out when the electorate resoundingly chose to vote for "somebody over nobody." And, finally, 1972 was also a year when union leaders made endorsements only to find the rank-and-file members unprepared to abide by their electoral counsel. One union whose leadership endorsed labor's old friend Hubert Humphrey *then* polled its membership and found the ranks divided almost equally among Humphrey, George McGovern and George Wallace.

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This year, except in early caucus states, "uncommitted" slates are by and large being ruled out, and the coalition unions are finding out *in advance* whom among the acceptable candidates the rank and file wants. For most of the unions, "acceptable" means just about anyone but George Wallace. When there is consensus, they will sometimes endorse one candidate—all are strongly backing Jimmy Carter in Florida, for example—but when there is no agreement among the members, locals and members of coalition unions can be found involved in the campaigns of several candidates.

Next, the coalition strategy assesses union resources against the new rules governing how delegates will be chosen and money spent in presidential politics. With 30 primaries, proportional representation (assured at least in some places), a dozen candidates and no established frontrunner, there are more opportunities than ever for labor to be pulled into different camps, drawn into open battle and for the rank and file to be pried away from the leadership.

On the other hand, some aspects of the shape of things to come are advantageous to labor, or to any other group with a constituency and some political know-how. At least three quarters of the Democratic delegates in every state—and sometimes even more—will be chosen from relatively small units—congressional districts, state senate districts, and the like. At these levels, the nucleus of union political organization and communication is already established and operational every two years for political education, registration and get-out-the-vote drives in state and US House elections. Where presidential candidates ordinarily have to begin with a district by district search for supporters, the coalition unions know their target constituencies; their lists are up to date; local offices and staffs are in place and at their disposal; and they have a strong common interest as a basis for beginning.

The coalition has targeted 16 states (California, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin) where 1882 of 3008 Democratic delegates will be elected. They have also identified 200 congressional districts in which the unions' combined membership averages 20,000 or more, not including members' spouses and families. To get some idea of the potential this represents, it need only be noted that the average 1972 turnout by congressional district was under 60,000 in Democratic primaries and only 5100 in caucuses.

The heart of the strategy lies in getting union representatives elected as delegates, no matter which candidate they support. In primary states, where delegates are chosen directly, local union members are being urged to choose a candidate, get on his slate, and run. In caucus states, the objective is to turn out a large coalition vote at the precinct level, then assure that whichever candidate they support, union members get picked as delegates to county, district and state conventions.

Mostly the coalition has been involved with Jimmy Carter, Morris Udall, Birch Bayh, Fred Harris and Sargent Shriver, but here and there they also report support among their members for Henry Jackson and Lloyd Bentsen. "We're making all kinds of deals for spots on slates with all kinds of candidates at all levels," says Bill Dodds, Washington political director of the UAW. "And obviously where there are going to be six delegates elected and divided up proportionally among the candidates (as in Massachusetts), we're telling our guys not to settle for sixth spot on anybody's slate," he adds. Each campaign is eager to demonstrate its labor support, and most need the assistance that union backing normally brings, though no union has given much money to any candidate up to now.

Because the coalition effort is geared entirely toward communication with each union's own membership, the effort is being financed out of normal union funds, members' dues. Thus the $5000 federal limit on candidate contributions is no hindrance, nor are the unions required to dip into their political action coffers. To date, no one is talking much about what the operation will or has cost. To pull together a basic clearinghouse staff in Washington, four unions—UAW, AFSCME, CWA and the Machinists—assigned regular staff people to full time duty. Mikel Miller, for example, is the Communication Workers' political director, but he now spends his days coordinating the coalition's work. "It's not a tightly unified effort," says one staffer. "In some places costs are shared, other places we each do our own thing."

The next step is a series of training sessions—often conducted by political and legislative staff members flown in from Washington—to familiarize union members and their families with the intricacies of delegate selection practices in their states. Between them, two NEA coalition representatives have visited more than the 16 targeted states to conduct delegate selection workshops for their state leaders, and one from AFSCME has already made 10 training trips to Florida and expects to make five or six more before the primary.

Further down the line, there is an all-out union sponsored effort to locate, contact and turn out votes for the candidates who win local endorsements. In Iowa, where the first precinct caucuses in the nation were held last week, coalition support was divided among several candidates. The UAW was for Carter, the CWA for Bayh, the Machinists for Harris. Bayh got NEA support in five districts, Udall in one, and AFSCME was split among Carter, Shriver and Bayh. Supporters of the third and fourth place finishers in Iowa credit the organizational base provided by union backing for much of Carter's showing and nearly all of Bayh's.

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To assure turnout, several unions brought in out-of-state staff to help locals contact their membership. Carl Wagner, who is Midwest regional organizer for AFSCME, is responsible for running the phone banks and field organization to turn out his union's 7000 Iowa members. He projected that they "might elect as many as 2000 precinct delegates." By comparison, the UAW has 40,000 members in Iowa—85 percent of them Democrats—and NEA has 35,000. Both ran organizational efforts comparable to that of AFSCME.

In a week or two, coalition representatives in Iowa will know how well their efforts paid off, but right now they are bullish. "We know we did well," says a local AFSCME coordinator, "but when we get the delegate lists and match them up with our membership lists, we'll know *exactly* how well and then we'll be back in touch with the presidential candidates."

The job in Iowa now is to be sure that precinct delegates turn out at county and district conventions, and the coalition will leave that monitoring function in the hands of local leadership. Chuck Gifford, UAW political director in Iowa says, "In 1972, the auto workers in Cedar Rapids elected 40 delegates to the district convention and only two showed up. They thought the deal was over with. Well, we won't make that mistake this time."

Following Iowa, the coalition is concentrating on Florida where they hope to stun George Wallace. There, the objective is a statewide voter identification program run primarily through phone banks. As an example, in the three congressional districts around Miami, the coalition will open an office, install telephones, and begin contacting their membership. The costs between now and the primary—currently projected at around $5000 (not including staff salaries) will be prorated among the participating unions. Since that primary is largely a squaring off between Carter and Wallace, the coalition is also contemplating a special mailing to members who indicate a preference for the 10 or so other candidates who have been placed on the ballot by the Florida secretary of state urging them to change their minds and back Carter. All of this, of course, is costing the presidential campaign of Jimmy Carter nothing at all.

Most of the coalition activities are undertaken without publicity or fanfare. No one will be specific about total costs, staff allocations, targeted districts or projected delegate goals. Evidently there are no firm goals for individual unions, state-by-state or overall, but the number 600 keeps coming up and within NEA there is talk of 250 delegates for that union alone. In 1972, there were less than 500 labor delegates altogether, so sights are set high.

At the root of coalition strategy is the potential this year for a deadlocked convention. Not since the Democrats eliminated their two-thirds requirement for nomination in 1936 has any convention gone beyond three ballots. But if several candidates are able to stay in to the end, and if Wallace arrives in New York with the 20 to 30 percent of the delegates that current polls suggest he might win, it is conceivable that several ballots might be taken with no candidate able to command a majority of the votes. Then, legal mandates will begin to expire, making free agents of elected delegates; at this time, the fruits of more than a year of intensive organizing could make a coalition dominated labor caucus the critical factor in determining who emerges as the compromise choice. Even if one candidate does come out of the primaries with enough strength to win a first ballot nomination, increased delegate strength will give the coalition unions greater leverage in platform decisions, credentials contests, and in any future fights over party reform.

It is not at all clear that the unions will be able to maintain this level of cooperation through the convention when sides are chosen up and labor priorities begin taking second place to candidate priorities in credentials battles and the like. But coalition strategists believe that by working together now, sharing information and resources, forming a common front wherever possible, and keeping in mind that when the New York convention is long past, they will all still be around to work together, it may be possible to forge a solid enough base to avoid the usual fragmentation. Also by keeping the confederation loose and avoiding the issue that always proves most divisive—settling on one and only one candidate—they have enhanced their staying power.

National Chairman Robert Strauss recently commented that he was thinking of appointing a "negotiating committee" drawn from various elements of the Democratic party. If the convention deadlocks, Strauss figures, his appointees would help broker the outcome. If the organizational efforts of the Labor Coalition Clearinghouse reap as many delegates as it now seems they might, Strauss may well have to put about nine union presidents on his committee.

Ken Bode

White House Watch

Ford's Balancing Act

Wait for the State of the Union address, Mr. Ford's White House people said during the six weeks preceding the delivery of that speech at the opening of the second session of the 94th Congress and the subsequent submission of his fiscal 1977 budget. It's got to be a great speech and it's going to be, they said. Their implication and their hope were that it would begin to turn the tide of the President's waning fortunes. Their further hope was that the budget and

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the legislative proposals to follow over the next few weeks would complete the recovery process and set Gerald Ford back on the road to sure nomination and election this year. At 11 o'clock on the morning following delivery of the speech to Congress and on the three national networks, in a performance that was among the President's best to date, the public response in the form of telephone calls and telegrams to the White House was tabulated. There had been 264 calls and wires, with 204 citizens applauding and 60 criticizing the speech. Not long before that, the White House had received more than 700,000 wires, telephone calls and letters urging the President to veto a bill that would have enlarged the power of construction unions to shut down construction projects. He vetoed the bill, breaking his earlier promise to sign it, and Secretary of Labor John Dunlop resigned.

The response to the State of the Union speech lent a certain pathos or humor, depending upon the observer's bias, to the enormous efforts that went into the preparation and promotion of the address and the budget. No President in memory has ever suffered from the accounts that associates give of his part in both endeavors, and Mr. Ford is no exception. After due discount, however, a good deal about a President may be learned from these post mortems.

Day after day in the period immediately preceding the delivery of the speech, Press Secretary Ron Nessen volunteered reports of the hours—two, three, five per day—that the President had spent on it. At a climactic briefing just before the address was given, Nessen said that "in the last week or 10 days" Mr. Ford had spent "at least 50 hours writing the State of the Union." James Cannon, the Nelson Rockefeller protégé who heads the President's Domestic Council, said at the same briefing that "this is President Ford's first true State of the Union in which he is totally in control." Cannon meant that many of the positions set forth or reflected in Mr. Ford's 1975 State of the Union address had been adopted or at least shaped by circumstance before Richard Nixon resigned and the nation's first appointed Vice President succeeded him in August 1974.

How anything better than the sad and disjointed mismash—a sandwich of substance, some of it sharp and some of it muggy, placed between inspirational goo at the beginning and end of the speech—could have come out of the production process escapes me. The speech listened better than it read, and that presumably was intended. State of the Union and other major presidential addresses nowadays are designed to be heard, not read, and this observer awaits a President who will have the courage and sense to assign the preparation of an important speech to one writer and tell the host of willing advisers and co-writers, including himself, to get lost. That didn't happen in this instance. The complexity of issues and the pressures upon any President being what they are, it could not reasonably have been expected to happen. But it's as true in government as in other publishing areas that good stuff is not produced in committee.

The committee process in this affair goes back to last summer. Mr. Ford then instructed Cannon to begin collecting and synthesizing ideas for the 1976 State of the Union speech and the fiscal 1977 budget. Cannon arranged and the Vice President conducted a series of citizens' forums around the country. They produced two thick volumes of summarized ideas, aimed at the budget and at the State of the Union message. A vast accumulation of transcripts and summaries from a parallel series of forums, organized by presidential assistant William Baroody and usually attended by Mr. Ford, added to the material for anybody who had the time and inclination to plow through it. My impression is that Mr. Ford, a hater of excessive paper, settled for the personal vibes he got at these sessions. However vaguely and indirectly, all of it contributed.

Just before Mr. Ford and a few members of his senior staff went to the snowy hell of Vail, Colorado, for the Christmas holidays, James Cannon called in ranking White House assistants to discuss their notions of what should go into the 1976 State of the Union address. According to the notes of a participant, the discussion was more concerned with the tone and thrust than with the substance of the coming speech. This seems to have been true throughout the succeeding and prolonged discussion of what the President should say. In the preliminaries to the 1975 address, the serious argument was over policy. This time, it was over style. My participating friend's account of the talk at Cannon's pre-Christmas conference is not definitive but it's believable. He was there.

L. William Seidman, the President's economics counselor and hometown friend from Grand Rapids, argued that Americans should be told in the speech that the governmental process is too big, too remote and obscure from the citizen, and that people should be assured of a desire to give them more participation in the policy process. Philip Buchen, the chief White House counsel who is another old friend from Grand Rapids, said the President should strike a high note of liberty for the individual to determine his own future and do what he could to fulfill it, and not depend upon government to fulfill it for him. Paul MacAvoy, a member of the Council of Economic Advisers, argued on somewhat the same line that people should be promised the chance and challenged to make their decisions for themselves. Alan Greenspan, chairman of the economic council, said the President should know himself to be aware of peoples' sense that government is too big and that nothing done by government works for them. Richard Cheney, the new White House staff chief who had recently succeeded his friend and sponsor, Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, cautioned the others at the meeting that many long-term and as yet unannounced decisions—for example, a

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then secret decision to recommend a mild increase in the Social Security tax rate—were involved in the pre-speech discussions. He admonished all present to keep their mouths shut and cited a domestic policy leak, painful to him, that had surfaced that morning. Frank Zarb, federal energy administrator, said the President should incorporate some of Zarb's energy conservation ideas (Mr. Ford did). More than any other person at the meeting, Zarb went to the core of why people were wondering about the President and said he should use the State of the Union speech to argue that they should keep in office a competent man who cared about their individual and national security and had behind him a quarter century of experience in government.

A story going about the White House is that Mr. Ford in an outline hand-written on the same kind of yellow note-pads that Richard Nixon uses set down the main thrust and structure of the speech soon after he returned from China in early December. The President writes notes and casual communications on yellow pads. But the story appears to be a distortion of the fact that he began around last October to pepper Counselor Robert Hartmann, a veteran associate who heads up the Ford speech operation, with notes on ideas for the State of the Union message. The best recollection is that Mr. Ford did not really concentrate upon the message until early January, when he had returned from Vail and Hartmann had returned from a rest at a home that he and his wife have had for years in the Virgin Islands. From that point, beginning on January 6 after the President returned to Washington from a farm policy speech in St. Louis, the tale takes on a quality of nightmarish comedy.

Hartmann had taken with him to the Virgin Islands a ratpack of Ford and other notes that had been accumulating since late fall. According to a source who could be none other than Hartmann, though I'm not supposed to say so—I refuse to write in the currently corrupted mode that "sources said"—Hartmann had found when he returned to the White House on Monday, January 5, a note from the President to the effect that it was time to get started on the State of the Union speech and that Hartmann should drop everything else. The President's note also said it might be a good idea to take a small group of assistants to Camp David, the presidential retreat in the Maryland mountains near Washington, and in isolation there thrash out ideas that might go into the address. In the Virgin Islands, during infrequent lapses from total languor, Hartmann had groped for a theme that would tie the Bicentennial year into the President's purposes and had dimly formulated the notion, expressed in the speech, that each generation's sense of confidence that life in America would be better for the next generation was threatened for the first time in our history. In discussion on January 6, the President liked that approach and said he wanted also to talk about where the country was, how we'd got there and where we were going, and to be very specific about what the federal government could and couldn't do. At eight o'clock Wednesday, January 7, the President presided at the daily senior staff meeting, as he's been doing once or twice a week since Richard Cheney took over from Donald Rumsfeld, and repeated substantially what he'd said to Hartmann. Mr. Ford said that he and Hartmann had selected eight other assistants and three secretaries who would go into purdah (not the President's word) at Camp David until they had agreed upon the main thrusts that the speech should take. The President said with veiled sternness that he expected assistants who were not chosen for Camp David to cooperate and made it clear that Hartmann was to be in charge.

Hartmann and Milton Friedman, the White House staff writer who principally helped Hartmann on the speech, discovered that afternoon that Camp David was preempted by Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz for the rest of the week. They'd have thrown Butz out if he had not been entertaining a haggle of foreign agricultural types. The upshot was that the White House group repaired by air force helicopter late Wednesday and by airplane early Thursday to guest houses that had been offered by Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., the tax-free enterprise at Williamsburg, Virginia, that has preserved and restored a fragment of the colonial past with Rockefeller money. The Ford people got free lodging and paid only for food and drink. They included Hartmann, Friedman, Seidman, William Baroody (substituting for Counselor John Marsh), cultural adviser Robert Goldwin, budget director James Lynn, chief economist Alan Greenspan, James Cannon and—I should make more of a point of this, but the hell with it—Stewart Spencer, executive director of the President Ford Committee working for the President's nomination and election. Just what they accomplished except argue about what should go into the State of the Union address all day Thursday, late Thursday night and until about one pm Friday remains obscure. They got thoroughly tired of each other's company and arguments and were happy to break it up shortly after midday Friday. Hartmann, Friedman and two secretaries stayed at Williamsburg until Saturday afternoon, putting together a first draft. Mr. Ford worked over it off and on until the following Wednesday, when the serious fun began.

Dozens of pages suddenly turned up from Baroody, Goldwin and Seidman, who rewrote and rewrote his draft of a recommended economic section with maddening frequency. Mr. Ford looked the stuff over and told Hartmann to take it away, out of sight, and work it and the original draft into a coherent whole. Hartmann retired to his home where he could work alone, his wife being still in the Virgin Islands. It seemed to Hartmann that it was at this point that the President really focused on what he wanted to say. He kept sending out by chauffeured White House car little

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notes on yellow foolscap and one not-so-little note of three pages on a single subject. Others also sent notes. Hartmann's portable typewriter went bad, with sticking keys, and he took an hour's nap while another typewriter was delivered. Otherwise he worked all of Wednesday night. He dispatched about half of that draft to the White House early Thursday and brought the other half in around 10:30. He did a little more work on it and took it to Mr. Ford at 22 minutes to noon. He remembers the 22 minutes because he said to the President, "I promised it this morning and I've got 22 minutes to go."

Hartmann and the President had some unexpected hell to go through. David Gergin, a talented young man who headed the last Nixon writing staff and had just been brought onto the Ford administration staff by Richard Cheney, had prepared a separate draft. It went directly to the President on the Thursday in question, certainly not through Hartmann and presumably through Cheney. Its submission resulted in one of the oddest sequences in recent White House history. Hartmann learned of it on Friday morning, January 16, when the President showed it to him along with a wholly new draft that Mr. Ford had derived from the Gergin draft and Hartmann's most recent draft and had dictated late Thursday night, after a swim and dinner, to his long-time secretary, Dorothy Downton. I'm told that the President referred to the last Hartmann draft as "ours" and to the Gergin draft as "theirs." He said he thought he'd taken the best from both of the drafts and told Hartmann to go over the Gergin draft and insert into the Ford draft anything good in the Gergin draft that the President had overlooked. After reading the Gergin draft, Hartmann thought he knew who was behind it. Cheney, Gergin's boss and sponsor, could hardly have been totally uninvolved. But he'd played it very coolly and carefully with Hartmann, among other things getting Hartmann's prior agreement to bring Gergin onto the inner White House staff. Hartmann was sure that Alan Greenspan and James Lynn had principally inspired the Gergin draft. They had already made it clear in the West Wing councils that they thought the Hartmann draft that had last gone to the President stank. Just why they thought so, I don't know, but this is as good a place as any to define the issue that principally divided the President's regiment of advisers. Some, including Greenspan and Lynn, thought the speech should be mainly an exposition of the President's and the nation's ideals, liberally laced with conservative economic doctrine but nevertheless aimed more at hearts than pocketbooks. Like working-level officials who dealt with Mr. Ford on the budget, Hartmann understood that the President is happier with facts and pragmatic options, lending themselves to clear decision, than he is with idealistic rhetoric. One gathers that neither the Hartmann nor Gergin drafts (Gergin submitted part of a second version) went entirely one way or the other. As already indicated, the delivered draft was a mushy mixture of both.

This report, deferring a similar account of the 1977 budget's evolution to another day and maybe to eternity, concludes with the story of how the final mush came about. The climax to a series of meetings, clearances, and arguments over the Ford draft came between three and six pm of Saturday, January 17, at a meeting in the cabinet room. Hartmann, arriving a bit

"LIVE FRUGAL AND EAT NOTHIN'," I THINK HE SAD
THOMAS PAINE & GERALD FORD: "COMMON SENSE" THEME FOR STATE OF THE UNION SPEE
©'76 WASHINGTON STAR LOS ANGELES TIMES SYNDICATE

"I wonder if Thomas Paine had any good advice for living on a fixed income . . ."

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late, found at the table the Williamsburg group plus John Marsh, Cheney and Lt. Gen. Brent Scowcroft, the assistant for national security affairs. Hartmann remarked rather sourly that since the rest of the gang was present he might as well have his own troops in the persons of Friedman and Robert Orben, a sometime professional gagster who has recently been named executive editor (under Hartmann) of the President's thinly staffed speech factory. Mr. Ford said sure, bring 'em in. There then ensued a savage, three-hour attack upon the draft before the group. Only Hartmann, the President and possibly Cheney knew that the President himself had drafted the version that some of the others proceeded to cut up. Harsh criticism went to the passage saying that "1975 was not a year for summer soldiers and sunshine patriots." Twaddle, the critics said, unaware that Mr. Ford had personally lifted it from Tom Paine and was proud of it. Other criticism went to a passage, similar to a part of the separate budget message, in which the President called for "a new realism" and for "a new balance" between domestic and defense spending, between federal and local government, and between individuals and all government. Twaddle, the critics snarled, supposing that in this and other disputed sections they were dealing with Hartmann junk. The "new balance" section was one of a few that the President had overlooked in the first Gergin draft and that Hartmann had inserted in the Ford draft.

At around six pm, the President wearied. He struck the heavy Cabinet table so hard that it shook and said, *God damn it*, he'd heard enough and it was time to finish this thing. He ordered the others to stay until it was finished and told Hartmann to have a final draft ready by noon Sunday. He then left. Seidman called after him that he had to leave someone in charge. The President ignored the call. Hartmann suggested a five-minute toilet break and during it conferred with the President in the Oval Office. When Hartmann returned to the cabinet room, Seidman again asked who was in charge. Hartmann, who has been heard to say that "I arouse the animal in people," said with cold finality that the President had settled that question when he had Hartmann organize and lead the Williamsburg group. Hartmann also said in the same chill tone that anybody who wanted the President to mediate a point could call him at the mansion but would be well advised not to do so. On that note, the group finished its haggling and work about 9:30 pm. Hartmann, Friedman and Orben polished a near-final draft by midnight. Hartmann telephoned the President and offered to bring the latest draft to the residence. Mr. Ford said he was going to bed and would look over the "final" draft Sunday morning. He also advised Hartmann to stay home on Sunday and leave the last agonies to Bob Orben and Hartmann's administrative assistant, Douglas Smith. Distorted rumors about this suggestion and about the President's outburst at the end of the Saturday afternoon meeting led to erroneous reports that the whole operation had been taken from Hartmann. I have reason to know that he was very much in charge to the end. Beginning at five pm Sunday, cabinet members were invited to come to the cabinet room and read the draft. Some minor changes were suggested. The President, still irritated, ordered Monday that each author of each of these changes be identified on his copy. He adopted a few of the changes and, for better or for worse, delivered the State of the Union address that Congress and the portion of the televison and radio public that wished to or could stay through it heard the night of January 19.

John Osborne

Bleeding Lebanon

Blueprint for Conflict

by Jon Kimche

The war in Lebanon, more than Angola, and far more than the Algerian-Moroccan conflict over the Spanish Sahara, is a warning to the world that we have entered the twilight period for such familiar political ideas as democracy, nationalism and especially for the multi-racial or multinational state. Lebanon is the signal; not only for the more obviously exposed countries as Israel,

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Yugoslavia, India, Spain, Ethiopia, Jordan, South Africa, Iraq and Nigeria, but also for many others not yet immediately on the firing line.

The civil war in Lebanon looks like the blueprint for conflicts in the last quarter of this century, and it is necessary therefore to consider the nature and objectives of the parties involved. There are no angels and no devils in this conflict, only clearly defined interests that need to be understood.

To begin with, the three million Lebanese belong to nine Christian communities, the largest being the Maronites, the Greek Orthodox, the Greek Catholics and the Armenian Orthodox; to three Moslem communities and to some smaller fringe societies such as the Lebanese Jews. There are 19 political parties: 10 of these are Moslem or Druze, and, of these, five are virtually inactive; eight are Christian; and there is the nonsectarian Lebanese Communist party, which is predominantly Kurdish and Armenian. Five of these parties are illegal: three Moslem, one Christian and the Communist party. Despite the religious overtones of the political divisions, the country was basically materialist, tough, in part feudal and altogether socially polarized. The most recent estimates show that 50 percent of the population has 18 percent of the national income, 46 percent has 50 percent of the national income, and four percent has 32 percent. Two million tourists, half of them Syrians, visited Lebanon in 1974; 3500 ships call at the port of Beirut every year, but not last year.

In the nine months since the street fighting started on April 13, 1975, an estimated 30,000 have been killed and wounded, more than all the Arab and Israeli casualties in all their wars since 1948. Material losses are put at $10 billion, three times Lebanon's annual GNP. Four thousand businesses have been burned or looted or irreparably damaged; so have 30 of the country's largest factories; there are no tourists coming and a fifth of the population has fled the country—and more are leaving, including some 200,000 Syrian workers who had emigrated to Lebanon.

The population—Moslem and Christian—is almost down to two million. What then makes a people accept so high a price in life and wealth rather than seek a compromise settlement? The answer in a way is simple: there can be no compromise to a compromise.

The Lebanese state was in itself a compromise between the Christian and the Moslem communities, approved and accepted by both communities at the National Assembly that met in Damascus in 1943 and has been maintained since then despite the major crises in 1952 and 1958. It survived again in the presidential election of 1970 when the present incumbent, Suleiman Franjieh, was elected by one vote as the compromise choice of the Christian electors since there was no agreement on any of the much better known Christian front-runners.

The formula established by the so-called national pact of 1943, which had been based on a 62 percent Christian majority in the country, had been maintained although over the years the balance of numbers has materially changed in favor of the Moslems—and this was further aggravated by the presence of 350,000 Palestinians in Lebanon. The significance of the Palestinian presence for the Christian community assumed new dimensions when it became the cutting edge of a campaign launched in 1971 by the just resigned prime minister, Rashid Karami. He demanded that the 1943 "formula" be abandoned and replaced by normal elections based on majority decisions. Moreover, Karami backed his campaign by the introduction of a powerful extraparliamentary force in his home town, Tripoli and in the capital Beirut.

For Christians, power had not rested only on the safeguards provided by the 1943 formula. As one of the oldest established communities in the Middle East, the Lebanese Christians, especially the Maronites, understood that there was no future for them once they became an unprotected and defenseless minority in a country ruled by an Islamic majority.

Thus the Christian Amirs had their private armies, and in Beirut a young chemist had built up the increasingly powerful and popular Christian *Phalange* as the sharp edge of Christian resistance. Now, 30 years later, Pierre Jemayel still commands this formidable force alongside other Christian private armies based on the mountain strongholds of the Christian community.

ashid Karami, one of the richest men in Tripoli, followed his father into high office. However, many years ago he realized that there could be no successful constitutional challenge to the "formula" and that the Christian leaders would not surrender to a Moslem electoral majority. It was the presence of the Palestinians in Lebanon that decided Karami to make common cause with them and also to use them for his own ends. He consulted President Nasser and took two of his protégés to meet him in Cairo, Faruq al Muqqadam from Tripoli and Ibrahim Qalilat from Beirut. They were to do for the Moslems what Jemayel had done for the Christians—only more so.

Both men made the most of their opportunities. They established a close association with the leading Palestinian activists: Habash, Jibril, Hawatmeh and

COMING: a status report on Chile—America's repressive ally by Rose Stryon

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with leading members of Fatah. They had much common ground and they assisted and encouraged Palestinian operations against Israel. In turn, the Palestinians assisted Muqqadam and Qalilat with arms, finance and specialist training. All of them, at first, maintained their link with Karami while he was prime minister and he repaid them by ensuring that the Lebanese armed forces were not used against them as they took control of Tripoli and of the Moslem sections of Beirut.

t was thus only a matter of time before the creeping forward move of Karami's private armies in Tripoli and Beirut, assisted by the Palestinian activists, would come up against the Christian status quo. They did on last April 13. Christian resistance was tougher than either Karami, his henchmen or the Palestinians had anticipated. The Christian leaders, of the right and of the left, understood that henceforth there was no compromise for them, only surrender.

But as the battle progressed with ever more destruction and bloodletting, its political composition underwent a significant change. Karami's former lieutenants in Tripoli and Beirut, Muqqadam and Qalilat, had become independent forces of their own, supported by their own private armies, no longer dependent on Karami, backed by the Palestinian Rejection Front, which now refused not only to negotiate with Israel but also with Lebanon.

Earlier this month, on January 4, the two Moslem warlords sent an ultimatum to President Franjieh. They made four demands: that the president dismiss Prime Minister Karami and replace him with Khadim as Solh (a cousin of the former Prime Minister Taqueddin as Solh), that parliament be dissolved, a new census held to clearly establish the Moslem majority, and a general election based on simple majority rule without further reference to the 1943 formula.

The president immediately summoned leading Christian politicians and religious leaders, and also some of the leading Sunni and Shia notables. They agreed that Karami should be replaced by Taqueddin, not Khadim as Solh, and they saw no harm in a census provided the "formula" remained. But President Franjieh would not consider a census and he would not do anything to weaken the continuation of the formula that safeguards the Christian presence in the country.

In a message that the president sent to heads of Lebanese missions in Europe, he stressed that to abandon the formula was to make sure that the Palestinians will have a free hand to wage war against Israel—and that would lead to Israeli intervention in Lebanon. His judgment was confirmed by Ali Ghanam, the "mediator" sent by the Baghdad government to Beirut last December. He told the Iraqi official news agency on his return, after discussions with Palestinian and Lebanese activists, that the best way to safeguard the Palestine Revolution and the survival of Arabism in Lebanon was "to escalate the struggle from Lebanese territory against the Zionist enemy." Such Arabism, he added, "will not be a burden to Lebanon's sons."

But what next? On January 11, King Khaled of Saudi Arabia called for a meeting—a kind of summit "Munich"—at which President Franjieh would seek a settlement together with King Khaled, President Assad of Syria and—significantly—Yassir Arafat. But events in Lebanon—and outside—had overtaken the Saudi king's initiative. On January 16 the clandestine official PLO radio, the "voice of Palestine," had still broadcast reports of resounding victories by "the joint nationalist forces" and called on Palestinians and Lebanese to destroy the Phalange enemies and traitors. "The hour of punishment," it said, had come "for the Christian killers."

That afternoon, as a further expression of Moslem strength, the grand mufti of Lebanon had called together the leading Moslem politicians and religious dignitaries including Prime Minister Karami to meet as the supreme Moslem council. The prime minister was told by the council to announce his resignation and so force a showdown, and all other Moslem leaders were ordered to refuse to form a new administration under President Franjieh. Also present at the meeting, significantly, was Zuhair Mohsin, the commander of the Syrian-sponsored Palestinian Saiqa. The action of the Moslem council and the subsequent resignation of the prime minister, whether he maintained it or not, was in its way a *de facto* political partition of Lebanon. It was an open challenge to the president, army leadership and the Christian population.

However, the Moslem and Palestinian leaders do not appear to have calculated the consequences that would follow from their action. On the following day, January 17, the tide of battle turned. The air force went into action against the Palestinians and the Lebanese army also intervened, while the Christian militia overran Palestinian camps and Moslem districts in the capital and outside. New facts are in the process of being created in Lebanon.

And other factors were taking shape outside. In Damascus a unified Syrian-Jordanian command was established. Syrian and Jordanian forces were placed under orders of the Syrian defense minister Gen. Mustafa Talas. Both armies were on a near war footing. Israeli units on the Syrian-Lebanese border were reinforced.

The PLO leaders, especially Arafat, acknowledged that they were no longer in effective control of the Palestinian units hiding in Lebanon. On the evening of January 19 the Syrian government let it be known that it too no longer had control over the situation in Lebanon, and that it had given a free hand to the Syrian sponsored Palestinian Saiqa to do as it wished in defense of Palestinian interests.

But everything changed in the 48 hours of January 19 and 20. As the Syrian-sponsored Palestine Liberation

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Army moved into Lebanon, it was backed up by large numbers of the Syrian-sponsored Palestine irregular Saiqa forces. They overran Christian and army positions in the North and East, occupied a road center of Chtoura, and on Thursday January 22 proclaimed that they were preparing to take Beirut and to break into the Christian heartland of the coast.

After the first substantial incursion from Syria on Tuesday January 20, President Franjieh gave up hope, summoned all the rival Christian leaders and in their joint name addressed the last appeal to President Ford and to UN Secretary General Waldheim to intervene before it was too late. The American reply came back the same day. According to a friend of President Franjieh, Ford said that he had referred the Lebanese message to Dr. Kissinger for consultation with the Soviet leaders on how to save the peace in Lebanon. At the same time, the Lebanese were advised that there could be "no unilateral American intervention this time." And a little later came the agreed advice from Moscow: the Lebanese government should make use of the Syrian foreign minister's good offices and accept the comprehensive peace plan that he had brought from Damascus.

Thus abandoned on all sides, not least by their traditional protectors, the French, who were now so deeply and profitably involved on the other side, the Lebanese Christians agreed on Thursday to what is now euphemistically called the seven-point Syrian peace plan. There should be no squeamishness about this. This is as much a peace plan as the Munich agreement in 1938 was a peace plan for the Czechs. It gives everything to the Moslems that they demanded and, in the words of the Palestinian news agency dispatch, "will create conditions under which further political reforms can be made in an orderly manner."

So this marks not only the political surrender of the Lebanese Christians, but also their effective disarming as a community. They now become a minority at the mercy of the Moslem and Palestinian alliance. It marks the beginning of the end of one of the oldest communities in the Middle East and also the passing (with all its shortcomings) of the only remaining Arab parliamentary democracy in the Middle East.

There remains one complicating factor. The Palestinian news agency has revealed that there were also additional secret clauses to the seven points of the Syrian peace plan. One is that there would be direct Syrian military supervision of the agreement. If this is correct then the Americans will have to do a great deal of persuading and arm twisting when Premier Rabin comes to Washington this week. Like the Munich agreement of 1938, the Syrian peace plan will have to be judged by what follows; Munich was followed by the occupation of Prague and then the attack on Poland.

The rest of the world, with Angola on its plate and with other crises waiting to be served up, especially in the Middle East and in Africa, will have to take a hard look again at the realities of majority rule and at the implication of multinational societies once there is no longer the safeguard of either toleration or self-defense.

The Lebanese blueprint will have to be studied as carefully as that of Czechoslovakia in 1938—though it is probably too late to benefit the Lebanese, be they Christian, Moslem or Palestinian.

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by Colin Legum

Addis Ababa

Speaking here the other day, Charles C. Diggs, Jr.—a congressman whose friendship and judgment I value—said, "American intrusion in the Angolan conflict is the biggest blunder in the history of its relations with Africa and may be the most serious foreign policy miscalculation it has ever made." A bigger blunder than the US track-record in South Africa, Rhodesia and Namibia? A more serious foreign policy miscalculation than even Vietnam?

Chuck it Charlie, and all the other liberal "Charlies," like Anthony Lewis, Senators Tunney, Clark and Culver—all valued friends whose attitudes and policies

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I generally share. But the Angola affair seems to have produced a rush of blood to the head of American liberals which has apparently made it impossible to distinguish between the issues involved in the great American debate following on Vietnam, Watergate and the CIA exposures and the real issues raised by Angola.

he result could be—probably already has been—the betrayal of vital liberal principles in Angola. And why? Because everything that flows from Henry Kissinger must be wrong and must be condemned. One gets the impression from this distance that if Kissinger were to say that Angola should be handed over to the Russian sphere of interest, liberals would rise in unison to condemn him for rank appeasement: and if he says that the Russians are indulging in reckless power politics in Angola he will be equally attacked. "Henry can do no right" seems to have become a substitute for objective thinking. Is one right in supposing (as the Russians seem to believe) that the US is to be prevented from playing any effective international role so long as Kissinger is in office? You liberals sometimes make it sound that way.

I don't need reminding of the stupid errors made by Kissinger and Nixon in southern Africa—errors that some of us have tried (but mostly failed) to get liberals to pay serious attention to because of preoccupation with Vietnam. Now, because of preoccupation with the post-Vietnam situation, you liberals seem to be more concerned with limiting US power in foreign affairs (which can make you sound almost isolationist) rather than with putting forward constructive policies to meet foreign crises such as Angola.

A hard judgment? Well, what must one make of Anthony Lewis' statement in *The New York Times* that Ford and Kissinger "exaggerate the impact of distant events on their country's reputation?" A chilling phrase in liberal eras—*distant events.* Is this not the stock phrase of isolationists? Was there not once a British prime minister who, wishing to diminish public interest in his proposals for betraying Benes' Czechoslovakia, described it as a small and faraway country? It has always been a trick of the conservatives to make foreign problems seem remote in order to make it easier to have them dismissed as having little bearing on national interests, and as a means of combatting internationalism.

Czechoslovakia is in fact a good analogy to use in Angola's case. The Czechoslovakia of Dubček was destroyed when a tightly-organized Marxist minority was helped to, and later kept in, power through foreign military intervention. And that is precisely what seems to be happening in Angola through the Russian/Cuban military support for the Popular Liberation Movement (MPLA). An equally undesirable situation would arise if the MPLA's two rivals—the front for the national liberation (FNLA) and the Union for Total Independence (UNITA)—were to be hoisted to power through American and other foreign military aid.

The central reality about the Angolan situation, whatever view one likes to take about any of the three rival movements, is that none of them individually commands the majority support of all Angolans. That was the view taken by the Organization of African Unity (OAU) at their summit meeting last June when it decided that all three movements had an *equally valid claim to sharing in the government of independence.* Developments since then—principally caused by racist South Africa's intervention in Angola—led the OAU extraordinary summit at its meeting here—to divide equally (23 African states on each side) between those supporting MPLA's claim to being the legitimate government and those who continue to uphold the equal right of all three movements to share in power.

This serious division in Africa and the deepening tragedy of Angola is the result primarily of foreign involvement—but not just, as American liberals sometimes seem to suggest, because of Washington's involvement: all the fault of Henry. Perhaps we can steer the debate along more sensible lines by establishing, so far as is possible, the role of the three Angolan liberation movements and of the foreign powers.

The MPLA, led by Agostinho Neto, is in no sense a Communist movement but a radical nationalist movement led by an impressive Marxist elite. The strong appeal it makes is that its leadership includes black Angolans, Portuguese Angolans and Mesticos (Angolans of mixed race, an important element among the elite). Because it received strong, if inconsistent, support from Russia during the liberation struggle—and more especially after the Portuguese collapse—the MPLA is more strongly oriented toward Moscow. This upsets the Chinese even more, perhaps, than the West. But for all its strong points, the MPLA is a minority party, confined largely to the elites and to tribal support in the central area. Its only hope of gaining power is through military supremacy, which means strong foreign support. The FNLA, led by Holden Roberto, draws its major support from among the Bakongo people in the north, but even they are disillusioned with its leadership. Its real strength comes from the neighboring state of Zaire whose president, Gen. Mobotu, has backed it strongly for reasons of his own national interests since he is suspicious of a pro-Russian government emerging as his neighbor. The FNLA has pronounced black racist attitudes which, however, have not prevented it from entering into an unholy alliance with white South Africa to gain Vorster's military support. UNITA, led by Jonas Savimbi, finds its strongest support among the Ovimbundu people of the South who are numerically predominant in Angola. It counts on strong support from Portuguese Angolans. It, too, is a radical nationalist movement which, if elections had been

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possible after independence, would undoubtedly have emerged as the largest party. Certainly its leader is the most charismatic of the leaders and was seen as the best leader by influential African presidents, including Zambia's Kenneth Kaunda, Tanzani's Julius Nyerere, and even Gen. Mobutu. UNITA is uncomfortably allied with FNLA, although Savimbi has much more in common with the MPLA. Undoubtedly Angola's best hope would have been a UNITA/MPLA coalition, but this was strongly resisted by Neto's Marxist lieutenants. Foreign power involvement has been a feature of the Angolan struggle from the beginnings of the armed liberation struggle there in 1961.

The country most directly involved in that struggle has been Zaire, whose role contributed largely to the country's disaster. Zaire's other neighbor, the People's Republic of the Congo, played an important if minor role in buttressing the MPLA. When Holden Roberto's forces launched the armed conflict, the Kennedy administration (encouraged by liberals) provided clandestine support, using Tunisia as the conduit for a CIA operation. Incidentally, the CIA also channeled funds for Frelimo's struggle through the Mozambique Institute. (I have yet to hear liberal voices complaining about CIA support for these anti-Portuguese liberation forces.) By 1963, however, the US had ended its support for Roberto and when the Nixon/Kissinger administration took office, US policy reverted to support for Lisbon. That blunder is being paid for today.

The FNLA enjoyed exclusive recognition from the OAU until the end of 1964, but because of its failure to wage an effective struggle, support was switched to the MPLA which, by then, was already getting Russian, Cuban and Chinese support. However MPLA in its turn was weakened by internal struggles and by 1973 the Portuguese were able to transfer some of their troops from Angola to buttress their crumbling position in Mozambique. Faced with this situation, President Mobutu, Nyerere and Kaunda agreed to ask the Chinese to provide urgent military support for the FNLA to enable them to fight more effectively. That was how the Chinese came to be more closely involved in the Angolan struggle behind FNLA, but it still continued to support the MPLA as well. Only UNITA failed to attract any African or other foreign support and was left to struggle as best it could on a comparatively restricted scale. The Russian reaction to Chinese support for FNLA was to increase its own support for MPLA, but a split in its ranks in 1973 led Moscow to play an extraordinary and unsavory role in the Angolan liberation struggle.

Russia decided to abandon Neto, whose relations with Moscow had never been easy, and to back his challenger Daniel Chipenda, then based in Zambia. But when it became clear that Chipenda's challenge was failing, the Russians invited Neto to Moscow to mend their relations. They managed to retrieve something of their shaken relationship by warning Neto that their intelligence had uncovered a plot by Chipenda to assassinate him on his return to Zambia. (It is not known whether such a plot really existed, but it is quite possible.) However Neto's people pre-empted the assassination by launching an attack on Chipenda and his supporters in Zambia, which was put down only with difficulty by the Zambian security forces.

"Welcome to Moscow, Mr. K . . ."

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Chipenda then went over to the FNLA and it was he—briefly the favorite son of Moscow—who in the middle of last year went to Namibia to establish a military link between FNLA and the South Africans. Unfortunately, the absence of a free press and a dedicated liberal lobby in Moscow makes it impossible to expose the role of the Russian clandestine agencies in Angola. So, although the Chinese yielded to the OAU directive in June 1975 calling for equal support for the three Angolan rivals and for the ending of all foreign involvement, the Russians pointedly challenged the African decision. They tried, but failed, to bludgeon the OAU chairman, Uganda's President Idi Amin, to declare himself in favor of MPLA, which led briefly to the suspension of diplomatic relations between the two countries. And they gambled on paralysis in US foreign policymaking machinery to make their challenge in Angola. All this forms part of a discernible new Russian strategy in Africa.

Kissinger's own reaction was to go along with the OAU policy and to end US intervention. Gulf Oil—the biggest US economic interest in Angola—was permitted to switch its payments for oil royalties from Cabinda to a secret account opened by MPLA in Europe. Kissinger also sought to persuade the Russians to join in a policy of both superpowers staying out of Angola—a sensible proposal. It was only when the Russians refused to accept this offer that Kissinger, in an attempt to show Moscow that the US could not simply be stood off, overrode his own State Department advisers and attempted to get another tranche of US military aid for FNLA/UNITA through Congress. The liberal leadership, in getting the Senate to refuse his request, both prevented a deeper US involvement in Angola and gave a green light to the Russians to increase their military aid and to infiltrate over 5000 Cubans into Angola.

From the viewpoint of those who seek to prevent further US involvement in Angola this is undoubtedly a successful result. But it had one other catastrophic consequence. When FNLA saw that it could not rely on effective Western aid and that they were bound to be crushed by MPLA through their superior Russian/Cuban support, they chose to make "an alliance with the devil"—South Africa. The Vorster regime, panicked by the unwillingness of the West to resist the Russian moves in Angola, recklessly committed itself to intervention. Although the deal was with FNLA, the South Africans' incursion through southern Angola inevitably resulted in their becoming involved also with UNITA. With Africa's hated enemy, South Africa, engaged on the side against MPLA, the predictable result was to harden support for Neto's cause. In this way Africa became divided and half the African states abandoned their previous policy of staying neutral. After the Portuguese collapse, the US had to reassess its position. Kissinger—as might have been predicted—was at first completely opposed to any new foreign involvement, least of all in Africa—a continent about which he has cared little and knows even less. In the few decisions he has made there he has invariably been wrong—as in his notorious endorsement of option two in the National Security Council Memorandum No. 39 of 1970, which was based on the premise that the anti-Portuguese liberation movements were bound to fail. However, his reluctance to intervene was overcome by strong pressures from President Mobutu who, in early 1975, persuaded the US to provide increased military support for his own army and, through it, for FNLA and UNITA. It was this mistaken action that involved the US in the Angolan rivalries. Nevertheless the suggestion that this move by Kissinger produced Russia's greater involvement in Angola shows a total misunderstanding of Moscow's strategy. The real reason for its Angolan intervention has very little to do with US/Soviet rivalries and has everything to do with Soviet/Chinese rivalries. The Chinese put the entire blame for the internationalization of Angola on the Russians. While this is not entirely true it is not so very far off the mark. The mutual obsessions between the Russians and the Chinese in seeking to undermine each other's influence in the Third World is not yet sufficiently taken into account in analyzing contemporary international politics. It is easier for both Moscow and Peking to reach an accommodation with Washington than it is for either to concede to each other an enlargement of their influence in Asia or Africa. Ironically, but not illogically, the Chinese in their secret diplomacy have been urging Washington to play a more convincing role in resisting the Russians in Angola. For the hardheaded rulers of Peking the ability of the US and its Western allies to resist a successful Russian strategy in Angola has become something of a test for their policy of détente with Washington. I report this as a solid fact.

Why are the Russians so concerned about the Chinese in Africa? It is because Chinese influence in Africa has increased at a time when their own fortunes have steadily declined. The Russians clearly feared that if the Chinese backed the winners in Angola this would considerably strengthen their influence throughout southern Africa.

The present outlook is that the MPLA may be on its way to achieving a military victory and will then be able to rely on its foreign backers to repress their opponents and to establish their authority in Angola. This might not matter much to those who are predominantly concerned with US foreign policy, but it surely matters to liberals who, for the same reason that we protested what happened to Dubček's Czechoslovakia, should protest the use of foreign power to establish a minority regime in Angola—whether it is through the agency of the Russians and Cubans or the South Africans. The arguments used by liberals, like Anthony Lewis, that it won't matter in the long run if the Russians should

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achieve a military/diplomatic victory in Angola because past experience teaches that such victories (*vide* Egypt) are short-lived. I accept this analysis, but subject it to one heavy qualification. The Russians were finally rejected by the Egyptians only after two damaging wars had been fought and the Western position had been permanently changed in the Middle East. Whether these developments were good or bad is not the immediate issue: what is relevant is that even a temporary Russian gain can produce vital changes.

The success of the Russians in Angola will undoubtedly affect the level of big power involvement in the coming violent struggles in Rhodesia, Namibia and South Africa (in that order). This is not a prospect that should be welcomed by internationalists who, while supporting the ending of white supremacy in southern Africa, are at the same time concerned about the immediate impact on East/West détente (surely a liberal cause if ever there was one) and on the nature of the successor governments in Rhodesia, Namibia and South Africa. We can all surely agree that the right policy to pursue in Angola and southern Africa is to limit foreign involvement—which of course also means withholding Western support from the Smith regime in Rhodesia and the Vorster regime in South Africa. But what must the US and the rest of the West do if the Russians aggressively insist on maintaining their diplomatic/military thrust? Obviously the best answer is for the West to use whatever diplomatic means it possesses to discourage the Russians and to get behind the Africans who also have an interest in minimizing foreign involvement in their affairs. But we should stop the present tendency of seeking to put all the blame on the US or on the West for the present foreign involvement in Angola.

Anticipating a new US foreign policy, and having digested the lessons of Vietnam, liberals abroad are also fearful lest the US should cease to be an effective international player, thus strengthening isolationism and helping the authoritarians. What we look forward to is a more positive attitude toward the proper uses to which US power should be applied in promoting a healthier world political system. The absence of positive leadership in defining this new role seems to characterize the current American debate. There is little evidence of informed debate about the issues in and around Angola. Bashing Henry and the Ford administration is undoubtedly necessary, but is it enough? One dare also ask whether innocence is enough. The Russians are tough adversaries who don't shrink from using their power, either openly or clandestinely. It would be a fatal mistake for the West to think that Moscow's rulers might be stopped if only our own masters would behave better.

The one crucial lesson one hopes that Americans might have learned from the Angolan affair is that it is important to get the issues out into the open to allow for informed public discussion and understanding, so badly lacking in the Angolan affair. If the situation in Angola had been openly discussed by Ford and Kissinger, would they have been listened to, or is it perhaps the case that the liberals' present mood makes it impossible for them to believe anything they are told by official Washington?

The Proxy War in Angola

by Roger Morris

Last July 17, the 40 Committee—that small group of officials who pass on covert intelligence actions—met in customary secrecy at the White House to approve a commitment of as much as $30 million in clandestine aid to factions fighting in Angola. Coming less than three months after the end of the Vietnam war, the decision thrust the US into a confrontation by proxy with the Soviet Union, which was backing a rival Angolan faction. It was the costliest single covert CIA operation of its kind outside Southeast Asia in the last decade, and the largest unilateral American intervention ever mounted in Africa.

Scarcely five months later, the secret policy lay exposed and in a shambles. The US, President Ford and Secretary of State Kissinger explained, had been provoked by the Russians into a test of power, a test that involved, as the President put it, "our responsibilities for peace." But to many congressional critics like Rep. Charles Diggs, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs subcommittee on Africa and spokesman for the

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Black Caucus, the policy was simply "Kissinger's folly." Amid charges of deception and angry allusions to Vietnam, the Senate voted in December, 54 to 22, to prohibit further covert aid to Angola. Meanwhile the CIA's clients in Angola were pressed to the verge of defeat by mounting Russian arms shipments and Cuban soldiers. By any measure, it had been a blunder of major proportions in both domestic politics and diplomacy. The policy further drained the already ebbing popular support of the Ford administration. Intended to be a convincing demonstration of renewed power and authority in American foreign policy, it became instead a display of impotence and uncertainty.

ts origins can be clearly traced to Kissinger, though not in his formal role as chairman of the 40 Committee, and even less as designer of African policy. The more relevant context was how he saw the changing domestic politics of US foreign relations a year ago when the first Angolan decision was made. The winter of 1974-75 was perhaps the weakest point in the atrophy of executive power in foreign affairs that began with Vietnam and was aggravated by Watergate. There was the Turkish aid cutoff, mounting criticism of SALT and détente, the hardening congressional opposition to aid for Cambodia and South Vietnam, the scandal of CIA meddling in US domestic politics as well as in Chile, the prospect of more revelations and restrictions on CIA from ambitious congressional committees. The administration looked out on what seemed a matching set of disasters abroad, from the Cyprus debacle and a leftward wrench in Portugal to the frustration of Mideast shuttle diplomacy and the onrushing collapse in Southeast Asia.

For Kissinger, who had run policy up to that point with unprecedented command, these events amounted to a constitutional as well as diplomatic crisis. Privately, he is said to have railed against the "petty politicians" and "masochists" in Congress, and their "orgy of self-destruction." At stake was what Kissinger the scholar had called the "acid test" of foreign policy, "its ability to obtain domestic support" both for the internal political stability of the government and its standing in the world. As he told reporters several times during these months, with none too subtle hints he might resign, there were "serious questions whether we can continue to conduct a foreign policy."

At the same time, these trends in Congress were ambiguous. Much of the opposition seemed partisan and seasonal. "The Democrats were already running against Henry" one source recalled. The attack on détente came sporadically from both parties, but the exposé of CIA operations had also stirred both Southern Democrats and Republicans to warn against the perils of discrediting the agency. The coalition formed against military aid to Turkey was the result of heavy lobbying and seemed confined to one issue. Kissinger apparently saw the congressional criticism, with some justification, as opportunistic rather than a concerted political movement—"noisy, but thin," as a State Department official put it.

Against that backdrop the 40 Committee met in late January, 1975. Angola was then on the agenda, officials say, at the initiative of the CIA. The agency reportedly financed Holden Roberto, leader of one of the three Angolan factions, during most of the 1960s at the paltry rate of $10,000-$20,000 a year until the money was stopped by the Nixon administration in 1970 in a conciliatory gesture toward Portugal. The same sources reveal that there were parallel CIA arrangements with the Portuguese counter-insurgency fighting Roberto, a relatively inexpensive covering-all-bets policy adopted by the CIA also in Mozambique, Portugal's other rebellious African colony.

US intelligence officers say that the rival Popular Movement in Angola had been receiving similarly modest support from the Soviet Union. According to officials, this covert Russian aid continued during recent years after US subsidies to Roberto dried up, but it showed no sign of increasing prior to the January 1975 meeting of the 40 Committee.

Up to this point, however, there was relatively little to distinguish the politics or legitimacy of the three competing factions in Angola, though the Popular Movement's rhetoric was more radical and anti-American. Later in the debate over US policy, it would be claimed that the American-supported groups were based on more Populist tribes in the country and were therefore more representative than the Popular Movement. But as is so often true in the politics of nationalist guerrilla movements, particularly in an African setting, the factions were mainly Westernized modernizing elements claiming a national following and variously at odds with the traditional society as well as with Portuguese colonialism. If anything, the Popular Movement had grown more powerful in recent years largely because it had been more militarily active against the Portuguese. Yet the fact was that there had been no remotely reliable democratic expression among the people of Angola for or against any of the factions.

For years, the assumption among US policymakers had been that independence would bring some sort of coalition regime and eventually, elections. Now the CIA proposed to aid Roberto on the grounds that he would ensure, as one source put it, the "most stable and reliable government in the place." According to the CIA, Angola was "strategically important" not only for its internal wealth but most of all for its location adjacent to Namibia (Southwest Africa), from which a radical regime could support an insurgency against South Africa. Officials reportedly argued that in the wrong hands Angola could be a base for violent subversion against black governments in the area as well. "The intelligence was vague and nobody knew much about these people then," said one official, "but it

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was clear that Neto (leader of the Popular Movement) wasn't our man." What the 40 Committee did not discuss, informants say, is the question of whether the US could or should shape the history of Angola or southern Africa, whatever the CIA's anticipated horrors.

On January 15 the Portuguese government and representatives of three rival guerrilla factions signed an agreement granting independence to Angola the following November 11. The 40 Committee now promptly voted to give Roberto $300,000 in clandestine support to advance his cause in the anticipated scramble for power. "The decision was routine," one informed source said. "The agency laid out the reasons for backing their man and it was approved."

Yet in view of the histroy of US and Soviet involvement with the competing Angolan factions (a history said to be recounted for Kissinger and his colleagues at the January meeting) the action was extraordinary. After a hiatus of some five years in CIA support, just as the competing factions began their final delicate jockeying prior to independence, Washington bestowed on its former client 30 times the money he had been receiving. In Angola and neighboring Zaire, where Roberto's poorly equipped forces had been barely subsisting, the effect of the American largess was swift and highly visible. "Suddenly Roberto had all this money," one foreign service officer said, "and he began throwing it around for guns, uniforms and anything he wanted. You can't hide that sort of thing in a poor country." That the US subsidy was immediately registered by Soviet intelligence, several officials say, was never doubted in Washington.

This January decision, many sources agree, was unmistakably Kissinger's. One account recalls that the Secretary used the word "compelling" to describe the CIA presentation on Angola, rather to the surprise of agency officials whose recommendations for covert funding had been frequently shunted aside in the last half of 1974. "It wasn't quite like the cartoon where the light bulb goes on over the head, but damned near it," siad one source familiar with the meeting. "I think Kissinger saw this as the place to find out if you could still have covert operations." Whether Kissinger saw the $300,000 so purposefully in these terms as early as January is unclear. Albeit conspicuous, the amount was still small by non-African standards. Officials add, however, that discussions following the January decision did point up the prospective political virtues of intervening in a black African country. "There was an assumption," one official said, "that if it got out, the usual liberal critics would have a hard time attacking us for helping Africans." (To be fully appreciated, the irony of that statement has to be seen against the background of Washington's not so benign neglect of the continent since the early 1960s. The indifference was frequently attacked by congressional liberals, but they never had CIA operations in mind as the suggested remedy.) At any rate, if Angola were to be a proper demonstration of executive authority, the game needed an adversary. In late January, lacking a comparable Soviet involvement in the country, it still had none, though not for long.

Without a similar postmortem from the Kremlin, there can be no definite answer to why the Soviets moved in Angola. However short of the florid, absurd rhetoric by UN Ambassador Moynihan and others about "controlling sea-lanes," and "menacing Brazil," the stakes were tempting. The country is rich in resources; the Popular Movement was suitably leftist and isolated from Western patrons. The Politburo has its own periodic tests of manliness, the domestic political price of détente. But whatever the subsequent course of events, there is simple, damning evidence that the first Russian escalation came in reaction to the US re-involvement with Roberto. "You'll find that it smells awfully like the Tonkin Gulf," says one dissident official.

ngola and the covert interventions by Washington and Moscow were still a hidden issue in the spring of 1975; though with Soviet arms pouring in, the stage was set for another decision by the 40 Committee. The fall of Indochina, accompanied by a congressional rejection of aid, obviously deepened Kissinger's alarm and bitterness at his critics. Yet of the two dramatic foreign policy events for the United States in these months—that agony of debacle in South Vietnam ending April 29 and the *Mayaguez* raids in mid-May—it was the latter, officials say, that seemed to have had the more decisive effect on policy in Angola. "The congressional support for *Mayaguez* was a surprise," remembered one source. "It showed Kissinger that the antiwar alliance on the Hill could be turned." Other officials recall an almost euphoric mood in the White House and State Department after the raids, a reaction fed by the all but jingoistic press accounts of the episode.

To that atmosphere was added another, seemingly unrelated accident of timing that is said to be a factor in what followed in Angola. In early June, according to officials involved, there took place the most volatile skirmish to date between Kissinger and then-Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger. The issues were US

COMING: another lost war—

a report on the new

heroin epidemic

by Eliot Marshall

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force levels, SALT and détente, matters that men near Kissinger call his "permanent and overriding concerns." The feud with Schlesinger—and behind him, the formidable shadows of the Joint Chiefs and the Republican right—reduced itself, however, to one of those questions of personal mettle that can distort and obscure the real issues in politics. In this case, it was Kissinger's gullibility vis-á-vis the Russians. The battle was to end six months later in the firing of Schlesinger by the President. But in June, as one witness put it, "we never knew who was going to come out alive." There was plainly an incentive for Kissinger to prove that he could stand up to the Russians.

Seen in this context what Kissinger then did at the 40 Committee meetings in June and July left little doubt that he pursued the Angolan intervention presuming that it would indeed be revealed—and that the exposure would favorably resolve issues both of policy authority and his personal toughness toward Moscow. At the 40 Committee session in June, the CIA formally proposed an added $30 million to counter Soviet aid in Angola. Kissinger was again generally favorable, sources say, but insisted that the issue be given a formal airing by way of a National Security Council study. This transfer of a nominally covert policy into the wider, less secure forum of the NSC study seemed an obvious bureaucratic sign to officials involved that Kissinger expected the policy to become public. Some sources now believe he commissioned the NSC review, hoping for a leak. There was at this point, by the account of several officials, an audible combativeness about Kissinger's approach to Angola and the prospect of congressional controversy. "We're not going to submit to the breast-beaters," he is said to have told one high-level State Department meeting.

On July 17 the 40 Committee unanimously approved for Angola what one source calls "very nearly an open account." Reports indicate that $14 million in cash was to go directly in two installments to Roberto and the third faction led by Jonas Savimbi, for the moment joined with Roberto against the Popular Movement. Roughly $15 million more in arms was to flow through Zaire and Zambia to the US-backed forces. The $300,000 given Roberto in January might conceivably have dropped in the Southern African bush unnoticed by the US Congress or the press, if not by the Russians. But the millions in arms and cash committed to the Angolan civil war in July 1975 was altogether impossible to conceal. And by official accounts afterward, everyone involved in the decision seems to have known and accepted that.

Full of his *Mayaguez* triumph, belligerently ready with Angola to confront both the Congress and the Russians on the larger symbolic issue of American power, spurred too by the high stakes of the rivalry with Schlesinger, Kissinger acted. But for all his wilfullness, the Secretary of State did not act alone, or in isolation.

Much of the impetus for the policy came from the CIA, another example of the agency's subordination of national interests and even accurate intelligence to its bureaucratic mission. Angola appeared on the 40 Committee agenda because of the agency's long-standing client relationship with Roberto. Like so many CIA investments, this one was largely unexamined. It was enough that it existed as an "asset" to be used. The pattern, according to several sources, was a phenomenon all too familiar from Indochina. The CIA intelligence from Angola depicted Roberto's dubious army as now bravely inspired by the US arms and dollars, now sadly outgunned by the Russian rockets, and thus in need of more US help. "They're the agency's usual clients," said one cynical official, "Good enough to spend the dough, weak enough to scream for more." Much of the CIA reporting came from the agency's close liaison with the South African security service, another source with a vested interest in a larger American involvement.

It is hard to imagine that the intervention would have taken place had the CIA accurately described the weakness and incompetence of its clients. Still, the CIA's bias toward expanding its mission might have been checked by the bureaucracy or by Kissinger once it reached the State Department. But there, too, temperament and circumstance acted to push the policy along. The department's Bureau of African Affairs, the repository of what expertise the Foreign Service can bring to moderate the ambitions of the CIA or Pentagon, happened to be in the hands of a man Kissinger doubted even before questions on Angola were raised. Assistant Secretary Nathaniel Davis had been appointed last April, not for his African experience, of which he had none, but for his earlier loyalty to Kissinger as director general of the Foreign Service and ambassador to Chile during the coup that overthrew President Salvador Allende. But Davis ran into personal trouble with Kissinger, several sources say, early in his tenure, in part because the Secretary of State believed the African bureau was withholding information from higher officials. In any case, when Davis dissented on the Angola policy in June, his advice was discredited with Kissinger and criticized by his own subordinates as lacking persuasive force. All this was worsened by the African bureau's general reputation within the bureaucracy for incompetence. Davis was to resign quietly at the end of August. He became ambassador to Switzerland before the story was leaked to *The New York Times* that he had resigned in disagreement over Angolan policy, though both the manner and reasons for Davis' action remain unclear. The important point in policy terms was that the one challenge to Kissinger's Angolan demonstration, the lone dissent that pointed to the ineffectiveness of the CIA clients and the damage to US prestige of a *de facto* alliance with racist South Africa, was stillborn for bureaucratic reasons.

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There might, of course, have been one last restraint on the urge for intervention—the once powerful NSC staff, whose duty when Kissinger headed it was to expose the shallowness and deception in the bureaucracy—a bureaucracy that now fortified Kissinger's instincts for a clash in Angola. But under Gen. Brent Scowcroft, Kissinger's deputy and later successor as Assistant for National Security, the staff was reportedly a compliant onlooker as the 40 Committee decisions proceeded. "Let's face it," said one high State Department official of Scowcroft and his aides, "they never cross us." The NSC impotence was a mirror of the more ominous weakness in the President himself. There is no evidence to suggest that Ford disagreed at all with the Angola policy. But when the policy was being made, he was also without the independent staff every President since Eisenhower has had to examine the presidential interest in such decisions.

Finally, there was Kissinger's cozy relationship with particular congressional leaders—that no doubt encouraged the Secretary to believe that, even if the intervention were exposed, there would be powerful voices on the Hill with a stake in its defense. A 1974 amendment to the foreign aid legislation stipulated that every covert operation must be found by the President to be "important to the national security" and duly reported to the Congress "in a timely fashion" prior to the spending of funds. As the Angola policy developed, that arrangement worked very satisfactorily for the administration. In the Senate, where opposition could be most readily expected, CIA Director William Colby had discreetly briefed Foreign Relations Committee Chairman John Sparkman (D, Ala.) and ranking Republican Clifford Case of New Jersey. The senators in turn, discreetly neglected to pass the information on to their junior colleagues. Worse, however, the committee's formal procedure provided that all members be informed of the Colby appearance before Sparkman and Case, with the option of asking the Committee staff afterward what happened. By August 1975, when Sen. Dick Clark (D, Iowa) came upon the US operation during a visit to Zaire, the intervention was still a well-kept secret in the US Senate—the convenient modification by personalities of a law designed specifically to allow congressional knowledge and debate on covert operations before they become commitments.

Later, when the storm had broken in news leaks, the responsible senators and congressman would claim that the CIA briefings were too "general" to reveal the Angolan intervention. But for most, the consultation provision trapped them between violating the secrecy of the briefings and appearing later to be in complicity with the administration. Their dilemma, probably suffered gladly in some cases, provided another signal to Kissinger that Angola was the time to put Congress in its place.

It seems clear now that Angola failed Kissinger's "acid test." The outcry in the Congress (mainly from the *unconsulted* members, though even the elders were obliged to join in the Senate) and the instant reaction in the media, were all indications that Kissinger had misjudged badly the political volatility of the secrecy issue in foreign policy. Angola, as the administration tirelessly pointed out, was not Vietnam. But the parallels of civil war and covert involvement were too close for the Congress to appreciate the distinction. The demonstration could not have been more ill chosen in that sense, and the result was the specter that had driven Kissinger to force the issue: an American commitment against the USSR that could not be sustained. Kissinger may be right that we will pay a heavier price than Angola for this episode, but that responsibility is his.

One of the ironies of the policy, and part of its folly, is that the real US interests in Angola, a marginal concern that the country not become a Soviet base are still within realization. To abandon the artificial backing of Roberto and Savimbi, to offer diplomatic relations and cooperation to the winning faction even if it is the Soviet-backed Popular Movement would be applying the wisdom of failed policies from China in the 1940s to Ho Chi-Minh and Tito. There is no evidence that the Popular Movement is a genuine Communist front in the grip of Moscow; from all accounts it is a black African radical nationalist band of guerrillas that will be ready to diversify its patrons, and its options, soon after it claims power in a nation deeply divided by tribal rivalries, geography and poverty.

Not that US foreign policy should always be a matter of backing winners, or that the parallels between the Popular Movement and the Vietminh are only very slight at best. There is an authentic tragedy in backing our clients into a war and then abandoning them. But still, viewed through Henry Kissinger's preferred "tough mindedness," a vivid history of splintered Communist politics and African intractability to outside control are far more powerful forces in the future of Angola than today's Soviet and Cuban aid. "We have nothing against the MPLA as an African movement," Kissinger recently told reporters. If so, American policy in Angola can be salvaged.

he view point is that however serious, however quickly mended, the blunder did not happen, as so many chose to see it, as some *deus ex machina* from Henry Kissinger's genius. The fault lies as well in a government-wide system too prone to impulsive policies pursued for bureaucratic interests. Like Vietnam, the Angolan intervention was a rarity; it was politics as usual in Washington. When the uproar has subsided in the Congress, the conditions that made it possible will still exist. "We had to see if we could do it," said one source close to Kissinger. "We didn't. We'll just have to find another way." They may.

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Arts and Lives

Adventurings

The Man Who Would Be King (Columbia). John Huston's directing career has been a mess—a long and generally sad slide since James Agee's high ode to him in the late 1940s. His last picture of any interest was *Reflections in a Golden Eye* where he helped Marlon Brando to a performance that was daring and complex, if unsuccessful, and where Huston really used imagination in his film diction. The most vitality he has shown lately is in his own acting—in *Chinatown*. There seemed little to expect from him as a director.

So much for critical Calvinism. Huston has now made a good picture—not up to the level of his early best but with sweep and guts and with nicely overblown cinematic eloquence. Kipling's short story "The Man Who Would Be King" has been crying out for years to be filmed, and now Huston has done it—well.

Two British ex-soldiers, likeable rogues, are discharged in India and are floating about there, back in Those Days. They encounter Kipling himself, a young newspaper editor then, and tell him about their plan to invade a remote country, Kaffiristan, on the other side of Afghanistan and make themselves kings. Kipling tells them they'll be killed, but they go. Two years later one of them returns, wrecked and near-mad. He tells Kipling the story of what happened—they did become divine kings and lost it through their mortality. One of them didn't get out. The survivor dies the day after telling his story.

Huston wrote the script, assisted by Gladys Hill who has often worked with him. That script is a model of unserious skill—skill used with enjoyment and with no other motive than others' enjoyment. Most of the changes Huston has made are helpful for a film: the element of Freemasonry is amplified, as plot device and as link between antiquity and the present; only one of the rogues becomes a king, the other is his assistant; they discover treasure beyond the dreams of audience avarice. (And the treasure is lost at the end, somewhat in the vein of *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*.) All of it is nestled in our appetite for strange places and customs, seen safely. Kipling, a master craftsman and sometimes (as in *Kim*) much more than that, was also one of the world's greatest salesmen: he knew quite well that he was in the immobile tour business, selling the wild Hindu Kush to the sooty Bayswater Road. And Huston has learned from the master.

Kipling, as extended by Huston, is what makes the picture good, what keeps it from being a sacred-idol, high-priest-vowing-vengeance, Saturday afternoon drag. Centrally it's the words that keep the film *as film* from being ludicrous. Kipling himself, in the prologue and epilogue, sets a crisp intelligent style and supplies the necessary initial disbelief and final wonder. Then the dialogue of the rascally pair throughout, largely taken from Kipling's story and well furthered by Huston and Hill, has the right humor and quasi-formality. These two men use the professional jargon of 19th-century soldiery much as a New York cop today uses terms like "perpetrator" and "upon entering the premises."

This brings us to the quality in Huston that distinguishes his good films from his lesser and from his much lesser. He is first a writer. Early in his career he wrote fiction and plays. (He was co-author of a play that was directed in New York by Otto Preminger, for whom Huston later acted in *The Cardinal*.) He began in films as a scriptwriter. His best directing is of films adapted by him and sometimes by others from writers of at least some substance: scripts based on Dashiell Hammett (*The Maltese Falcon*), W.R. Burnett (*The Asphalt Jungle*), B. Traven (*Treasure*), Stephen Crane (*The Red Badge of Courage*), Tennessee Williams (*Night of the Iguana*), Carson McCullers (*Reflections*). Agee called him "a brilliant adapter." Of course, merit in the original has been no guarantee for him: he flubbed *Moby Dick* and *The Bible*! But he has never been able, as many other directors have done, to make a good film from absolute trash.

Two other matters keep his new film well this side of juvenile flapdoodle. First is the wide-screen cinematography of Oswald Morris, who has worked for Huston before (*Reflections*, *The Mackintosh Man*) and who has laid over the exteriors—mostly shot in Morocco—a temperament of rust and brown which functions as a guarantee of credibility for the wild adventure. Second, the acting. Christopher Plummer is incisive in the relatively small role of Kipling. Michael Caine, as one of the rogues, is slyly humorous and taking. Sean Connery, the other rogue, will always be a puzzle to me in his stardom but at least has more juice here than usual. Saeed Jeffrey, as their translator and a former trooper in the Indian Army, is, in an unsoldierly word, sweet.

Huston doesn't make the most of all his chances. For instance, after the long and dangerous journey into Kaffiristan, the first view of the inhabitants is simply plunked before us without letting us see the weary pair see them first—after all, it's the goal of their long journey. Compare that with the moment in *Treasure* when Walter Huston is the first to see the newcomer arriving in the mountain camp, before the man is seen by Huston's two pals or the camera. But the opening sequence on the jouncing train, the scenes in Kipling's office, the entry into the Khyber Pass, the encounter with Afghan bandits, the struggle through the mountain snows (shot in the French Alps), all these are good filmmaking—old-fashioned and good, and therefore quite right for the subject.

It's possible to extract a theme from this picture: the age-old theme of the quest, more specifically two men's quest for a locus for their lives—two men now

Films Worth Seeing

The Magic Flute. One can disagree with Bergman's concept of Mozart, but his filming of it is genius.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. Jack Nicholson is tremendous in this dubious allegory set in a mental hospital.

The Story of Adèle H. Ravishingly well-made, but why did Truffaut distort the clinical history of Victor Hugo's demented daughter into a sad lyric?

Swept Away. Wobbly ending, otherwise sharp social-sexual Italian comedy of rich woman and poor sailor cast ashore on desert island.

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excluded from the romance of the military life by which they were conditioned, now unable to sink into civilian life. There is even a touch of *Lost Horizon*, Paradise lost, found and lost again. But to me it's just adventure: which is to say, a story that couldn't possibly happen to us, that we don't really want to happen to us, but that we like to tell ourselves we pine for.

Ten years ago the late Georges Sadoul said of Huston: "A constant theme in his films is the importance of a struggle despite the inevitability of failure." The comment doesn't quite stick here because only Kipling, not the two adventurers, believes that the failure is inevitable. Still Sadoul's comment applies far enough to link *The Man Who Would Be King* to Huston's best work. This picture proves that, at 69, he isn't strapped to the worst in him, he can at least fluctuate.

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother (20th Century-Fox). Not an adventure at all, just a bunch of purportedly funny extravagances. In these Mel Brooks-Woody Allen days of film comedy, all you have to have is a lot of gags, some better and some worse. And when the picture sags, throw in something else, no matter what. These people have misread the seeming anarchy of the best comedies. The best ones have fundamental rigor. Harpo never speaks, no matter how much of a laugh it might get; Keaton never smiles

Gene Wilder, who has acted in Brooks' films, has, unfortunately, learned from him. Now he has written and directed and starred in a film of his own, meant to be a parody of a Sherlock Holmes adventure. But Wilder just hodges and podges. Of course there are a few laughs, like a vulgar remark by Queen Victoria before the credits; how could there *not* be at least a few, with all this ceaseless straining and tugging and throwing in absolutely anything at all? Very soon the picture produces the contradictory sense of being both desperate and self-satisfied.

I think that Brooks and Wilder and Allen (though the last has improved a bit) get away with comic murder because so few people are making film comedies these days. We're supposed to be grateful to these men. *They* ought to be grateful for the absence of competition. I don't mean giants; I mean, say, Wheeler and Woolsey.

In 1971 the 1925 musical comedy, *No, No, Nanette* opened on Broadway to enthusiastic reviews and enjoyed a long run. Its success was attributed to nostalgia for a happier day, a sentiment that may account for the decision to revive several other old musicals. None, though, has had the success of the earlier revival.

I would like to suggest that nostalgia had almost nothing to do with the success of *No, No, Nanette* and that musical quality had almost everything to do with it. Nostalgia is evanescent—a wish that only seems to be fulfilled. The excitement and gratification audiences evinced at *No, No, Nanette* were immediate, generated by the Vincent Youmans musical score from which every other happy effect arose.

Much has been made of the coming of age of the American musical theater with the development of the book show. *Oklahoma!* in 1943 is usually cited as the seminal work. Gone was the formula musical in which the book was little more than a frame on which to hang the songs and in which the characters were stereotypes. Now the book was the most important element, and the songs were conceived as an integral part of it, written to advance the action and delineate character relationships.

Because of these new demands the nature of the song lyric changed and its importance increased. The difference between "All the Things You Are," which Oscar Hammerstein and Jerome Kern wrote for their show, *Very Warm for May* in 1939 and "If I Loved You," which Hammerstein wrote with Richard Rodgers for *Carousel* in 1945 is illustrative. "All the Things You Are" could be used in any romantic situation and would enhance the beauty of any show. "If I Loved You" played an important part in establishing the relationship between the sensitive heroine and inarticulate protagonist of *Carousel*. These different purposes are reflected in the nature of the music of the two songs. "All the Things You Are," though lovely and expressive, remains most successful in the context for which it was written.

The art of writing music for the musical theater is the art of writing songs. It is true that some composers write their own incidental music, dance music and orchestrations. But even in these cases the musical worth of the show is dependent on the quality of the songs.

In songwriting every note counts. This is not to say that every note in a Beethoven sonata does not. But opposite creative faculties are engaged in writing a song and a sonata. The art of composition is the art of elaboration; the art of songwriting is the art of distillation. The composer of extended works develops a few musical ideas in a number of remarkable ways. The composer of a song takes all music as his province so to speak and boils it down into a melodic idea.

This distillation process is, one suspects, largely unconscious. It results in the melodic idea, which appears to have been "given" to the songwriter. Of all the elements in musical composition melody writing is the most irreducible, the element that comes closest to that ill-understood phenomenon called inspiration. Seldom, however, is an entire melody "given" to the songwriter. Usually it is only a fragment, perhaps two, three or four measures. The process of songwriting is the exercising of good musical sense and good taste. The songwriter must know which of the musical possibilities inherent in the idea presented to him to accept and which to reject. He must then shape this material in the best way before it eludes him or before he settles for something less than the best way.

The point is that music cannot change its inner logic without doing violence to itself. Thus it is less wise for the songwriter to tailor his efforts to non-musical requirements in the theater than for writers of dialogue and lyrics to adjust themselves to musical demands.

This is not to deny the importance of collaboration nor to overlook the fact that many different kinds of songs are needed in a show. But because of the rigorous and exacting nature of songwriting if songs are conceived musically, the probability is that the

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music will be better. In the book shows the songs are more often than not conceived lyrically with the result that too many scores have been robbed not only of pure melodic invention and originality but also of rhythmic and harmonic interest. The music has become adulterated, and though serviceable, it has a surface quality.

It would almost seem, in fact, that the quality of the music is in inverse relation to the importance of the book. The book for Jerome Kern's *Roberta*, while not inconsequential, is certainly of no great moment. Yet it would be hard to name a show that has a greater number of surpassingly beautiful, wonderfully composed songs. "Yesterdays," "The Touch of Your Hand," "You're Devasting," and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" are only four.

South Pacific on the other hand, has strong characterizations and a purposeful book, much of which is told through the lyrics. The show is so dominated by words and situations that the music never gets off the ground. The composer's setting of these lyrics is appropriate and serviceable, but it only results in the musical banality of "I'm Gonna Wash that Man Right Outa my Hair." The fact that nothing in the score rises above a pedestrian level makes *South Pacific* a telling example of the deterioration in musical quality that results when the tune is "called" by someone other than the composer.

If this is true of *South Pacific* it is even more true of *My Fair Lady*. Lehman Engel in his book, *The American Musical Theater* stresses the importance of the libretto in this show: "In 'Why Can't the English' (teach their children how to speak?) the author manages all at once to establish Higgins' philosophy of phonetics, his hostility toward sloppy speech and his potential relation to . . . Eliza and her dreadful cockney accent. A single line in Shaw's play has been developed into an important, witty, and functional musical scene." Witty and functional lyrically, yes, but one does not have the feeling that this scene was sufficiently musical in its conception. Had it been, perhaps a more melodically appealing tune could have been fashioned to set off this seminal sequence.

Engel continues: "The same is true of 'I'm an Ordinary Man' and . . . 'The Rain in Spain.' . . . Like 'Why Can't the English?' they transform the material of the play into musical scenes of charm and enchantment." Yes, but "I'm an Ordinary Man" is more of an ordinary tune than it needs to be, and "The Rain in Spain" is musical doggerel. The lyric is intentionally doggerel, but couldn't the music have had more style, more originality and still worked? One can ask the same question about the song, "With a Little Bit of Luck." Why does it have to sound like "Listen to the Mocking Bird"?

The music of *My Fair Lady* is appropriate only superficially; it is not essential. It works theatrically and so it is easy to overlook the fact that as music it is disappointing. Exceptionally artful orchestrations also help disguise the inadequacies of the score. In the simple *South Pacific* the music was hobbled by being too faithful to the book and lyrics. In the sophisticated *My Fair Lady* the librettist-lyrist set standards that were never met by the composer. In neither case was the music the primary consideration and so in both cases the book and lyrics worked to the detriment of the music. The songwriter in each case became a functionary rather than an artist.

That this need not happen is shown by *Kiss Me, Kate*. If ever book and lyrics could be expected to overpower the music it would be here. The book, of course, is Shakespeare (adapted from *The Taming of the Shrew*). The lyrics are Cole Porter. But the music, also Cole Porter's, is central in the scheme of things. And so, while many people were being enchanted by "Some Enchanted Evening" from *South Pacific*, many others in a theater nearby were being treated to this superb example of the songwriter's art. Think of the song, "So in Love" and "plot" the melody as follows:

Strange, *dear*,
But true, dear,
When I'm *close*
To you, *dear*,
The stars *fill* the sky,
So in love with you am I.

Even
Without you
My arms *fold*
About *you*,
You know, *dar*ling, why,
So in love with you am I.

In love with the *night* mysterious,
The night when you first were there,
In love with the joy delirious
When I knew that you could care.

So taunt *me*
And hurt me,
Deceive *me*,
Desert *me*.
I'm yours *'til I die*,
So in *love*,
So in *love*,
So in *love* with you, my *love*
Am *I*.

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The melodically focal notes in the song are on the italicized words. In the first stanza the melody builds from a D-flat on the first "dear" to D-flat an octave higher on the word "fill."

In the second stanza this melodic line falls back to where it had begun and builds in the same way through the second syllable of "even" (repeated on "you"), "fold," and the second "you." But the first syllable of "darling" is a note higher than its analogous note on "fill" in the first stanza. In the third stanza this high point is sustained by repeating the same note on the word, "night." It is then topped by the note a half step higher on the word, "joy."

Once again in the fourth stanza the melodic line begins as it had in stanzas one and two. Building through the notes on the word, "me" in lines one, three and four—"taunt me" (repeated on "hurt me"), "deceive me," "desert me" the melody reaches its high point on the word, "'til." This high F natural, though only a half step above the previous high note, F-flat, on the word, "joy" 16 measures earlier, is an almost unbearable climax musically and lyrically. Then, after having taken 58 measures to reach the note on "'til" the songwriter takes only 14 measures to descend through the words, "die" and the repetition of the word, "love" four times in the phrases, "so in love" and "my love" to the final note of the song on the word, "I"—passion spent. Not for their words only were love songs known as love songs.

Today the book show has evolved into "total theater," an experience compounded of many elements: a good book, good lyrics, eye-catching sets and costumes, effortless-looking scene changes, kaleidoscopic lighting, brilliant and exciting choreography, brassy-sounding orchestrations and a star. In

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this amalgam the truly memorable song has not been consciously missed.

But the significance of *No, No, Nanette*'s success is that people do welcome quality in popular show music and perhaps have missed it more than they realize. It would be inappropriate to wish that songs written in the '70s were just like those written in the '20s and '30s. Nor should anyone tolerate a return to the witless books musicals had then. However an insistence on musical quality in songs written for the theater is entirely in order. This can be brought about if all the advances made in the construction of musical plays are consolidated by giving the show back to the songwriter in whose hands it belongs.

Robert Miles

Robert Miles is a composer whose songs include "My Life Begins with You" and "Twenty-one Miles from Home." Recently he has written songs for the cabaret production, *Urban Blight*.

Books Considered

The Music Theater of Walter Felsenstein Translated and ed. by Peter Paul Fuchs

(Norton; $10.95)

Walter Felsenstein, the artistic director of East Berlin's *Komische Oper*, died on October 8 at the age of 74. His long career in German theater began during the Weimar Republic years, but Felsenstein's most important and influential work came about after World War II in East Berlin where (like Bertolt Brecht) he settled in order to create his own theater. At the time of his death he possessed a distinguished and perhaps lengendary reputation of the sort rarely associated with opera directors.

Felsenstein's theater, which he founded in 1947, is unlike any traditional opera house. Its guiding principle maintains that opera is the highest form of theater, and that any work of lyric drama (be it Mozart or Johann Strauss) must be prepared and rehearsed with the same care and intensity that a major theater would give a play. Rejecting the corrosive practice of staging opera as a costumed musical event deserving no more than a few day's stage rehearsal, the *Komische Oper* allows its productions to evolve slowly over months (sometimes years) so that each moment of stage time is analyzed, coordinated and unified within a uniquely operatic merger of text and music. What Felsenstein did, in effect, was create a true repertory ensemble for opera—an opera house without internationally known guest singers or conductors, but rather with a resident and stable group of singing actors who were trained in the same techniques of operatic production and who shared the goal of *Musiktheater*: the operatic performance in which nothing is superfluous or disjoint; a staging in which music and movement merge to such a degree that visual image and sound become reflections of each other, seemingly motivated by the actions and temperament of what Felsenstein called the "singing human being."

Although Felsenstein was a highly creative director, his actual production techniques were neither new or innovative. His rehearsal procedure remained within the tradition of Stanislavski (the singer was encouraged to "absorb" the characterization and "identify with its actions and desires") to which Felsenstein added a layer of "heightened emotion"—a trait inherited from Max Reinhardt. But Felsenstein was wise enough to realize that not all operas could take well to the kind of acting approach he imposed. The repertory of the *Komische Oper* was carefully chosen to include only operas of sufficient dramatic weight (*Otello*) or theatricality (*Tales of Hoffmann*) and this selectivity benefited not only the artistic goals of the theater, but provided strong performance opportunities for an opera company whose purely musical accomplishment often remained below international standards. All told, it was a case of maximizing artistic strengths and minimizing weaknesses.

While Felsenstein did not differ strongly in theory from those influential opera directors who preceded him (appropriately Felsenstein claimed no theoretical originality) he had the unique good fortune to be given a fully subsidized professional theater that could be shaped and defined by his talents. Stanislavski's operatic work, for example, was produced on an intimate, private scale as a tangent to his long career as an actor and director—toward the end of his life he organized a training studio for the Bolshoi Opera in Moscow where he worked with younger singers and students. In Felsenstein's case, both goals and subsidies were large from the start and the *Komische Oper* has been able to maintain a large technical and literary staff in addition to its singers.

Felsenstein's reputation—which had been spread to a great extent by his various disciples in the West (Sarah Caldwell is perhaps the best known)—was greatly enhanced during 1971 when he gave a series of Master Classes in America. In these sessions he worked with theatrically untrained (and therefore conventional) opera singers and gave proof that with the proper emphasis and directorial patience even time-worn and arcane operatic scenes could become theatrically valid.

Since the Master Classes, there has been a great need for an English language book on Felsenstein. He wrote a great deal, both for documentary model-books of his productions and in the annual yearbook of his theater. In this sense, at least, *The Music Theater of Walter Felsenstein* is needed, for only a small fraction of Felsenstein's output has been previously translated. But after giving praise to the publisher for encouraging the project, I can only deplore the work of the editor, Peter Paul Fuchs, who selected the material, translated it, and in the process has reduced an exciting theatrical subject into a redundant, unimaginative and ultimately uninformative book. Fuchs, who is a conductor in the music department at Louisiana State University, served as Felsenstein's translator during the Boston Master Class, and has been researching Felsenstein for a number of years. The great problem with his edited text is that it seems to have been prepared by someone with little sense or knowledge of the theater or of the selective elements that would be valuable in a book on a stage director. The tone established throughout is that of an admiring and elementary lecture in the "Great Man" style for those who think that opera can only be a "concert in costume" with singers lined up before the footlights. Essentially the book presents 25 variations (sometimes slight ones) on the *Musiktheater* theme, and the repetition is almost endless with regard to a singer's characterizational motivations and the theatrical goals of these productions. In his preface, Fuchs apologizes for these repetitions and asks that the reader treat each essay as a "little world in itself," but the apology

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does little to alleviate the reader's eventual boredom.

The language of the selected essays is rarely forceful or concrete, and too much of the material deals with generalizations (reading that a production reflected a unified conception does not convey much unless the reader knows what the conception was). The backstage, gut techniques enacted between the director and singer are never adequately discussed. Depending solely on Fuchs' selections, I doubt that a reader unfamiliar with Felsenstein could really understand the skills of his work, or the reasons why a critic of Eric Bentley's stature (Bentley was the first to write about Felsenstein in America) could once refer to Felsenstein's *Carmen* as a "model production for our times." Fuchs seems to have aimed his anthology toward a generally uninformed audience, and sufficient technical material is not given to the reader who comes to this book with any background in operatic production or theater.

The failure of Fuchs' editorial work is especially telling in the selection of photographs. Ten *Komische Oper* productions are shown, but none of the chosen pictures illuminates a point made in the text or displays in clear pictorial terms why a Felsenstein production is unlike a showpiece from La Scala or the Metropolitan. In one essay, for example, Felsenstein discusses the way in which a set's design should be coordinated with the actual architecture of the theater it plays in: however only two photographs show anything even approximating the complete stage opening, and a view of the auditorium is never given. Most of the photographs are simple close-ups that give no sense of precise stage space. (In contrast the published model-book—in German—of Felsenstein's *Magic Flute* production clearly illustrates the architectural point—among many others—and also gives complete stage designs and ground plans showing the actor's precise movements. It seems inexcusable that this first English language book on the *Komische Oper* does not have illustrations as informative as those in the equivalent German publications.)

Fuchs has wisely organized his selections into four separate parts: Felsenstein's essays on directorial technique, his analyses of various operas, journalistic interviews with Felsenstein, and various essays and reviews by German critics. The textual difficulty that arises here is that Felsenstein was neither consistent nor always illuminating in his prose. After the initial statement of his goals, his writing becomes full of contradictions as to whether he literally follows the scenic instructions of the composer and librettist, or adapts their work to his own needs. For example he claims at one point that an opera's literary source is of no use in preparing a staging, but we are subsequently told that his *Tales of Hoffmann* interpolated material from at least three different preliminary sources. Fuchs includes more of Felsenstein's own writing than is really necessary. There are five strained character analyses (not unlike those of A.C. Bradley) which actually have less to do with the operas themselves than with Felsenstein's technique of devising elaborate preliminary plots to add complexity to a character and give the actor more food for rehearsal analysis. Felsenstein is, to some degree, misrepresented here, for his great strength was not as a writer but as a practical director working with singers to create a stage environment for realistic, non-abstract opera performances. Nowhere do Fuchs' selections adequately convey the skill, talent and dramatic excitement Felsenstein brought to rehearsal.

Finally the editor has fallen into the common trap of so many writers who try to deal with repertory theaters. At no point is the reader given a sense of the *Komische Oper* as an ensemble. Felsenstein himself downgraded his ultimate importance to the creative process and even doubted the relative success of his own productions, although he emphasized the importance of ensemble technique. The actual singers of the *Komische Oper* are given no place in this book, even though some of them have worked with Felsenstein since the start. Fuchs has left too many practical questions about the *Komische Oper* unanswered. What are the techniques of the "regenerative rehearsals" that keep these famous staging alive and fresh in repertory for years despite cast changes? How do the productions interact thematically and visually in their approach to staging problems? Similarly there is almost nothing on the various people whose work has been influenced by this company. Sarah Caldwell is not mentioned, and there are no interviews with any of the American singers who worked with Felsenstein in the mid-'60s and have gone on to perform in more conventional operatic environments (including the Metropolitan). And now, with Felsenstein's death, one would like to know more about the administrative and artistic structure of the *Komische Oper*: what will happen to the organization without its artistic director? Are any of the disciples strong enough to replace Felsenstein in his own theater?

Fuchs' work is not just a great disappointment. Far more significantly, it is a real loss for the opera professional and theater student, since it is doubtful that funds will be available in the near future for a more informative book on this East German phenomenon, or even for the translation of a complete model-book. Of course, *The Music Theater of Walter Felsenstein* is useful in that it gives cogent summaries of Felsenstein's ideas, and the general goals expressed are admirable. But if the reader wants a more precise image of what was a Felsenstein production, he must still go to one of the excellent and lavishly illustrated German publications on Felsenstein and his opera theater.

Robert Marx

Robert Marx teaches lyric drama at Yale and is the editor of *yale/theatre*.

Their Words Are Music by Lehman Engel

(Crown; $14.95)

As our current popular songs become more inane, greater attention is being paid to those of a generation or two ago. A few years ago, a beautifully produced book of Cole Porter lyrics was brought out, followed by an equally handsome but less successful book on the Gershwins (the latter, unaccountably, devoted more space to the recollections of the Gershwins' friends than to the texts of their songs). The latest tribute is Lehman Engel's invaluable collection of theater lyrics by 17 authors. Unfortunately Johnny Mercer and Irving Berlin refused permission to reprint their songs, but the work of those included is rich and satisfying. Engel has done a heroic job of selecting a dozen or so representative songs from such lyricists as Porter, Ira Gershwin, E.Y. Harburg and Lorenz Hart. If he has found room for the mostly insipid songs of Leonard Sillman, he has also managed to include several curious and in-

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teresting ones by Marc Blitzstein.

If Cole Porter never made a sophisticated song out of the *Congressional Record* or the telephone directory, the only possible explanation is that he didn't find the time. He could, and did, base a suggestive song, about a lady's unrequited love for her physician, on the medical dictionary.

He said my epidermis was darling
And found my blood as blue as could be.
He went through wild ecstatics
When I showed him my lymphatics,
But he never said he loved me . . .

He said my vertebrae were "sehr schöne,"
And called my cocyx "plus que gentil."
He murmured "molto bella"
When I sat on his patella,
But he never said he loved me.

Although Porter composed such sweepingly passionate songs as "Night and Day," "So In Love," and "I've Got You Under My Skin," he also brought his elegance to such mordant songs as "I'm a Gigolo." And he expressed, in a very few words, a universal dilemma:

I'm very mild and very meek.
My will is strong, but my won't is weak.

Howard Dietz neatly captures the essentials of *Hamlet*:

A ghost and a prince meet
And everyone ends in mincemeat.

He also provides an emphatic retort to Lorenz Hart's "Give It Back to the Indians."

[White man] say: "Let's give it back—
Let's give it back to the Indian."
That's how white man feel.
But Indian no schlemiel . . .

Radio when it give you the news
Mix it up with hair tonic you use . . .
Columnists pull things out of their sleeve.
Announce your baby before you conceive
Everyone know what everyone do.
Television show who sleeping with who.
We won't—no, we won't—take it back.

From E.Y. Harburg's score for *Finian's Rainbow* comes this pointed observation:

When the idle poor become the idle rich,
You'll never know just who is who
Or which is which.
No one will see
The Irish or the Slav in you,
For when you're on Park Avenue,
Cornelius and Mike
Look alike.

More recently, Sheldon Harnick weaves this rather lumpy spell of romance, in "The Boston Beguine":

I met him in Boston
In the native quarter.
He was from Harvard,
Just across the border.
It was a magical night
With romance everywhere.
There was something in the air.
There always is . . . in Boston.

We went to the Casbah.
That's an Irish bar there.
The underground hideout
Of the D.A.R. there.
Something inside of me said,
"Watch your heart, mad'moiselle."
And it might be just as well
To watch your purse . . . in Boston.

Engel introduces these lyrics with a short history of musical-comedy writing, including some excellent advice on how to write a song lyric. (The pseudo-Viennese slush of the turn of the century supplies many horrible examples.) He also analyzes each lyricist's work and comments on the literary and technical values of the songs quoted. This information, however, is sometimes presented in a pedantic way; a better editor would have saved Engel from this and also from some of his peculiar phrasing, *e.g.*, "As good lyricists are hard to come by, Ira [Gershwin] was in demand" or "The working people of that time . . . were struggling to extricate themselves from the quagmires of impotence," which summons up a rather dreadful Hieronymus Bosch sort of picture. There are also several irritating mistakes, not the least of which are inaccurate transcriptions of some of the lyrics ("So Near and Yet So Far," "Triplets"); "Embraceable You" has three choruses, not two, and "caviar to the general" does not mean that the military eats well. In the sections on Lorenz Hart and Cole Porter, Engel correctly says that each man's work expressed a sense of yearning, frustration and despair; what he fails to mention, however—and it seems a bit late in the day for discretion on this point—is that both were homosexuals.

The songs in this book are doubly precious because there will never be anything else like them. The inflated cost of mounting musicals, the blitzkrieg of rock 'n' roll have had their effect. And the terribly serious young, whom Harold Rome satirized in "Sing Us a Song with Social Significance" ("It must be fraught with social thought,/Or we won't love you") have for the past 10 years or so given the cold shoulder to songs on topics more trivial than integration or disarmament.

But the greatest damage to the art of the song has come about less from a change in fashions or economics than from a shift in the emotional weather. Subtlety is as absent from our songs as from our manners; romance is no more a part of our music than it is of our lives. When one of the most popular women's magazines brings its readers the latest information on transsexuals and instructs them in the finer points of fellatio, who is going to write a lyric that is naughty or risqué? In 1957 Richard Avedon's glamorous life provided the inspiration for a Fred Astaire musical with a Gershwin score. Last fall his one-man show of photographs proclaimed his discovery of age, disease and death.

Engel includes a section of lyrics by new, young writers. They are, in the main, exceptionally ingenious and talented, but a great deal of their ingenuity goes into finding acceptable substitutes for the topic of love. Two of them come up with songs about singles' bars, and one does rather well, but it's hard to imagine laughing, or dancing or making love to a song about a singles' bar.

Among the established lyricists, Engel places his hopes for the future in Stephen Sondheim. The most effective illustration of the direction musical comedy has taken is a list of Sondheim shows: from *West Side Story*, *Gypsy* and *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* to *Company*, *Follies* and *A Little Night Music*. The songs in the last-named three shows bring to the surface the bitterness and anger that were toned down by earlier lyricists. Sondheim's characters are alienated, thwarted and confused; one wonders why they bother to sing at all. *A Little Night Music*, based on an Ingmar Bergman comedy, had an unequivocally happy ending; but one might not expect it after hearing a song about marriage called "Every Day a Little Death" or a chorus intoning, "Perpetual anticipation is good for the soul, but it's bad for the heart."

In the current field, however, Sondheim's lyrics are the best available. If his recent songs aren't likely to make one whistle or dream, neither are the cryptic verses by such as Patti Smith (a sample line: "Space monkey, you're so appetizin'"). And bathos, a greater enemy of romance than cynicism, continues to infest the songs popular with people looking for optimism at any price.

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So it's back to the reissued records, the songbooks and the piano for anyone wanting to hear lyrics that are intelligent and touching. Failing that, we can only choose between feeling sorry-grateful or dreaming the impossible dream.

Rhoda Koenig

Rhoda Koenig is an editor on *Harper's* magazine.

The Art of Ted Hughes by Keith Sagar

(Cambridge Univ. Press; $16.95)

It is generally if not universally agreed that Philip Larkin is the best contemporary English poet; taking English to mean being an Englishman by birth as well as by conviction, and taking best to mean the most interesting, accomplished, self-possessed. Those readers who dispute the verdict resent the impression of insistent parochialism which Larkin's poems convey, rhymes of a rueful Little Englander. I have also heard complaints that Larkin has now reached the corrupt stage of self-parody, that he is writing not poems but Larkins. It is considered reasonable to write Betjemans, if you are Betjeman, but Larkins are thought regrettable indulgences. Still Larkin wins on a majority vote. There are readers of poetry who enter a major claim for Charles Tomlinson, mainly on the grounds that he is master of a delicate and just language, a thoughtful poet gifted in nuances of perception and feeling; not at all parochial, learned in several languages and poetries. But he is not, in any sense of the word, popular; you need to know and enjoy Stevens, Valéry, Machado, Eliot and the landscapes of Constable before you can make much of Tomlinson. Geoffrey Hill is mentioned with increasing fervor as an English poet a cut above his colleagues, and his *Mercian Hymns* selected as the book to offer one's skeptical friends. And then there is Ted Hughes.

The case regularly produced against Hughes is that he has never grown up, that he is still in the adolescent phase of his development, victim of a self-induced and therefore unnatural violence of language. A more elaborate version of the same case is that Hughes' poems retreat from the genuine perplexities of history, time and society by recourse to an aboriginal world, nature free from the experience of history. Skeptics say that there is nothing in Hughes' poems which is not already in D.H. Lawrence's poems, except that the biology of Lawrence's feelings is stronger and more genuine. This is where Keith Sagar comes in. He knows all the arguments against Hughes, and resents them. He regards Hughes as "a great poet" and cites the first version of "Skylarks" as "one of the great poems of the language." He compares Hughes' animal-poems with Lawrence's and finds them sustained and justified by the comparison, not humiliated. He does not claim that Hughes' conceptual powers are extraordinary, but he points to the force and consistency of his images: hawk, jaguar, fox, horse, wind, bull, wolf, goat, bear. Perhaps he should have faced more directly the argument about feeling, history and society. That Hughes' poems make a remarkable anthropology of feeling, there is no real dispute, and it is useful to be reminded that the poems are grounded in modern lore of symbolism and religion. But quotations from Joseph Campbell's *The Hero With a Thousand Faces* are not persuasive when directed toward readers of Larkin and Auden who think that poems should bear, with as much direct force as decency permits, upon the daily lives we all have to live. It is a little more persuasive to show that Hughes' poems are sustained upon a perennial experience, life itself before it has been codified in terms of history and society. He is not retreating from fact, time and event, but starting beneath them, in a fundamental mode of experience not yet differentiated into categories and interests. This is not quite Sagar's argument, but it does not contradict the main line of his book.

The critical procedure in *The Art of Ted Hughes* is quite simple. Sagar goes through the major books, choosing the poems which seem to him to make the strongest case for Hughes' art. The main emphasis falls upon *The Hawk in the Rain* (1957), *Lupercal* (1960), *Wodwo* (1967), *Crow* (1970) and *Prometheus on his Crag* (1973). Sagar is not a sophisticated critic, he is not much interested in the theoretical problems of criticism or in rivalries among the critical schools, he relies mostly upon his own good sense and good taste. If he thinks a poem especially fine he says as much, and tries to show how and why it is good. But generally he adopts the position of an energetic and inspiring teacher, reading poems with a class and saying: look, there's where the poem is strong. In the present book he is a convinced and, on the whole, convincing reader of Hughes' poems; he thinks they are among the superior achievements of modern poetry, and while he does not make invidious comparisons between Hughes and, say, Larkin, Hill and Tomlinson, I have no doubt that his preference for Hughes would be declared against all such opposition.

I am not sure how American readers respond to Hughes' poems, or indeed how widely the poems are read. If they still need to be introduced, it strikes me that Sagar's book is bound to be helpful in that way, but I am surprised that he has not compared those poems with the work of a poet in high standing among American readers. Theodore Roethke's poems are those I would think of comparing with Hughes', making the point that Roethke and Hughes alike start with "the world under the world" and move gradually toward the perplexities of daylight and time. Roethke's poems are engrossed with roots and tendrils, with growth twitching and nudging its way toward the sun. Kenneth Burke referred some years ago to Roethke's "vegetal radicalism," a good phrase for accuracy if somewhat hard on the ears. What Roethke wrote was an ur-poetry, his verses are prologomena to history rather than history itself: he postponed talk of endings by talking of beginnings. I am not saying, of course, that Hughes is an English version of Roethke, or that there is nothing in Hughes that is not already in Roethke. I am merely pointing to similar motives and enterprise in both poets, a true consanguinity of feeling.

But there is an important difference. Roethke's poems are congenial to American readers because much American feeling is concentrated upon forms of life that have resisted the official categories: not "the world" but "a world elsewhere." For the same reason, American readers are skilled in contemplating pre-conditions and beginnings, they are not embarrassed by aboriginal motifs. English readers are regularly embarrassed by such motifs. History, time and the public categories are entertained by English readers as the only terms of reference they want or need: daily life is what they know, and they want to make the best of it, so they

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are embarrassed and resentful when invited to start further back or further down or to hold themselves available to novel forms of feeling, not yet accepted in the schools. This is where Hughes' poems come in. I am glad, therefore, that Sagar's book will raise questions that are crucial not only to the reception of Hughes' poetry but to the definition of contemporary English feeling.

Denis Donoghue

Denis Donoghue, author of *Third Voice* (Princeton University Press), is professor of modern English and American literature, University College, Dublin.

Reconsideration

Walter De la Mare,

This essay is in a double sense a reconsideration. It reviews and judges an opinion I somewhat briefly expressed 50 years ago and it further offers what I hope is a juster appraisal. In approaching these tasks it adds two items to the already large body of De la Mare's collected poetry. Brief though they are, each is of a highly distinctive character. I am not sure, however, that they contribute anything toward what is here primarily in view.

I first met De la Mare in 1913 at a miscellaneous party of uncertain date in Cambridge. I had already by heart most of *Peacock Pie* and much of *The Listeners* and must confess that his appearance, in a black coat and city trousers, was not what I had expected, though his pensive air and shyness were. I was introduced to him as a psychologist and as we conversed, I began to feel that this label had for him a special connotation, that he was thinking of me as a student chiefly of the after-life. The suspicion was confirmed when, looking at me earnestly, in a fashion that precluded any possibility of a joke, he asked, "May I ask you a question which matters a lot to me? Do you think that in the next world there is any chance that I may meet Hamlet?"

I am glad to recall that when I replied I did nothing, by word or look, that could in the least discourage this hope. I was far too flattered and delighted at being consulted on such a matter. Moreover the question showed me something I knew in a way already: that for this poet the boundaries of the realms of being might not be set as they are for most of us.

So much for my first item. The second came much later, when I was meeting De la Mare at festive luncheons of the Committee of Award of the King's Medal for Poetry, presided over by John Masefield and whose other members were Laurence Binyon and Gilbert Murray. One day I was reading a long and subtle front essay on the Narrative and Dramatic modes in the *T.L.S.*, unsigned as ever in those days. Suddenly I came across two brief passages laid out to mark their contrast:

Narrative

Night was falling over the gullies and hollows of sombre Guddesden Ghyll when a solitary traveller, forespent and bestead after his forty leagues of heat and glare and dust and with indescribable emotions seething in his vindictive bosom, drew rein upon the topmost crest. The valley was filled with milk-white mist, where-through rose as if in imprecation the turrets and towers of the insensate and treacherous Florizella. He sighed. Nor was there so much as raven upon the bough or silly sheep cropping the lea to tell whether that suspiration was one of rapture or despair.

Dramatic

Kneeling there she lifted a dark and alabaster forehead.

"O bethink thee, Diabolo," she cried. "When this once covetable frame is dust and ashes, and no more food for thy insatiable flame, what lip, however suave or docile, will quench thy fires?"

The hound rose whimpering and passed across the darkened chamber.

"Fear not, Florizella!" returned That One.

"Deemest thou that I, who have known how to command thee living, shall not know how to control thy wraith also?"

So saying, he drew from covert of his cloak a mask and, affixing it to his visage, cried hollowly,

"Knowest thou this?"

I have written down these passages from memory, for I have not seen that *T.L.S.* article since; but I do not think that has injured their rhythm, though a

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word here or there may have been changed. This will show how solidly I was hooked, so that I spent not a little time looking for what seemed to me a most alluring missing masterpiece from which these specimens might have come. In the end I heard that the article was by De la Mare and could ask him direct. "Where did I find them?" he replied, "Why, I just made them up to show my point!" I was told that there wasn't and couldn't be any more of Florizella and Diabolo; but I went on hoping for years that there would.

I imagine that even as early as my first sight of De la Mare, I was suitably dubious about the relevance of *personal* contact with a poet to appraisal of his poetry. I have become no whit less skeptical in the interval. And it is not the anecdotal aspect of these two items but their internal order as utterances which makes me feel that they could have some relevance to reflections about De la Mare's poetry. As to my 1925 thoughts about it, reprinted from *Science and Poetry* in *Poetries and Sciences* quite recently, my account now can be brief, though not therefore uninstructive. I had, in those remote days, what could too easily become a limitary theory. There was so much I wanted poetry to be doing for mankind that I could forget how incomparably much more it might be doing. So I fell, I think, already into the commonest trap for critics—one I was naturally fond of pointing out to others. I undervalued some poetries—not for being poor in themselves—but for not being other sorts of poetry I then thought mattered more.

Poets are—probably for very good reasons—mysterious beings. Until *The Listeners*, 1912, De la Mare had, in two volumes containing together some 110 pieces, published little or nothing to suggest that any unique and unforeseeable creations were to come. There is one exception, "John Mouldy" (reprinted in *Peacock Pie*), where that strange figure in his cellar,

> *Deep down twenty steps of stone*
> suddenly has an unearthly actuality given him with
> *I saw a slim brown rat of Norway*
> *Creep over him.*

For the rest the pieces in *Songs of Childhood* (1902) play along prettily enough in a variety of conventional fashions, filled with echoes of folk-tales, fairylands and 'lovesome surmises'; Loneliness and dream children, flowers and ghosts . . . occupy the lines, many of them indistinguishable from other verses in the volume. And *Poems* (1906) though with more ambitious themes: "Youth," "The Voice of Melancholy," "Irrevocable" . . . and with Sonnets opening

> *I sometimes wonder what my life doth mean*

or

> *O thou art like an autumn to my days,*

and sketches of Shakespeare's characters, from Falstaff to Ophelia and Hamlet, has little to make any reader expect wonders from a later volume. Indeed there is much to discourage any such hopes.

And then come *The Listeners* and *Peacock Pie*. They could make any critic give up prophecy forever. Together these books offer about 130 poems. Often their themes will resemble those in *Sons of Childhood*, but how great is the difference. Their rhythms have become haunting—not would-be, but as living presences embodying what the poems are doing. The 1902-6 work seems to be trying to tell us about X. In the 1912-13 volumes X is almost always actually there. It is impossible to describe perfection; one can only recognize it. And when you do, something has really happened in you. And *for good*, as we say; for ever and for whatever *ever* can mean for us. It is hard to believe that such truly epoch-making things can happen, in poem after poem, and go on. Turning those pages again, after over 50 years of knowing most of them by heart I have at times found myself trembling. Can the next poem, whose *title* I may have forgotten, possibly be what I think it is? Almost always, it is, Guard myself as much as I may, saying, "It is only because you have known them so well and so long that you think they are like this," still the rightness is there as ever: each phrase as it comes qualifying, supporting, transforming, confirming, justifying . . . what has come before. And these preparations, changes, resolutions, closes are now as manifest to me as at any time. They are no illusions of affection but palpable and perceived. And where (as so rarely occurs) there is an imperfection, what is factitious, what does not belong, sticks out as much as ever and I know then very clearly that I am not letting kindness—for whatever cause—temper judgment.

I have described this reconsideration thus, because in my experience, confir-

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mation to this degree of opinions formed long ago is uncommon. Usually, after a sufficient interval, you see what you reread with somewhat changed eyes. The work may not seem better or worse than it did, only *different*. Experience, in the interval, has been changing the reader. One sees more or one sees less. In this case, though I am surprised by how much in the poems I know best remains the same, I am reassured by the way in which some poems I seem never really to have taken in (would, in fact, have said were not there) now read to me like true masterpieces. For example: "Music Unheard," (*The Listeners*) where, as in a still and sombre lake, Herbert and Keats are being reflected. And "The Witch," so different, not, in any deep way, like any other poem I can recall.

The unbelievable variety of poems in these two books is the point this reconsideration would now like to make. Suppose me to be exaggerating the perfection of the best (so many) of them, what other poet will you name who published (almost together) poems as different as these? I could fill a page with titles of poems: "Old Susan," "Exile," "All That's Past," "Queen Djeneira," "The Journey," "An Epitaph" . . . "The Huntsmen," "I Can't Abear," "Jim Jay," "Then," "The Truants," "Off the Ground," "The Old House," "Nicholas Nye," "The Pigs and the Charcoal Burner," "At the Keyhole," "The Changeling," "The Honey Robbers," "Trees," "The Bees' Song," "The Song of the Mad Prince."

It passes belief that the poet who created this last could have penned the Ophelia and Hamlet bits in *Poems* 1906. (Or, for that matter, "Lines on Ophelia" 1930.) But something as dismaying, as astonishing has still to be said. The poet of *Peacock Pie*, after adding "The Song of Finis" to close that, though he wrote some thousand later poems, never wrote any I have yet found with the originality, the uniqueness, the perfection, of those in the 1912-13 volumes. He wrote many of great distinction, various indeed: compare "Dry August Burned," "The Owl," "The Traveller," or any of the longer, later poems. Often they are very elaborate, technically accomplished, but very seldom do they at all know from within what to be. The longer they are the less sure of that they seem. (One sees from them why there was to be no more of Florizella and Diabolo.) The exception to this may be the longest of them, *Winged Chariot* (1951). But this is rather a huge miscellany of poems on Time than a composition aiming at unity. The shorter poems, hundreds of them, are largely repetitions, afflicted for decades by a mannerism of mechanical inversions; see *The Suicide* p. 235, for example. In one short poem:

Did (XYZ)
Breath not a whisper,
Sighed not the unfriending wind,
Steep fell the drowsy street,
Breathed not one midnight flower,
Syllabled thy last tide . . .
Not one compassionate word.

And often they are oddly stumbling in rhythm, with, alas, a feeling of strain within most of them, a sense that they ought to be something else. This could, too often, take over and become their theme.

A sad, strange story, made stranger by the fact that the change was little noted or publicly commented on. Neither the encomiums which attended his increasingly honors nor the obituaries, so far as I could observe, alluded to the contrast between his brief period of imperishable triumphs and what had come before and after. Nor, stranger still, did, as far as I recall, the numerous selections made from his poetry by critics from Auden (1951) down.

Perhaps, though, this reconsideration has stressed its contrast over much. May it remedy this somewhat by mentioning, to close, that De la Mare's frankly comic verses—see *Stuff and Nonsense* (1927)—have been too long neglected. Could it be that—*Motley* (1918) and *The Veil* (1921) off his conscience—the freedom he may have lost in 1914 (World War I could do anything to anyone) came back to him in so changed a form?

I.A. Richards

I.A. Richards' most recent book is *Beyond* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).

Correspondence

Playing Monopoly

To the editors:

Your editorial "Breaking Up Oil" (*TNR*, Dec. 27) has all the characteristics of an emotional crusade. Most intriguing, however, is the sentence "Although petroleum is cheaper in the US than in any other industrial country, a price jump in one year from 30 cents to 52 cents for a gallon of gas is possible only through monopoly control of the market, and consumers know it." Your writer has a long way to go before he or she can conclusively prove to me or anyone else that a monopoly exists in the domestic oil industry. I suggest the writer go to another industrial country, where oil prices are set by *government monopoly*—Italy, England, the Netherlands—and see what high prices really are. In June, 1975, a US gallon of gasoline in those countries cost about four times the comparable price in the US. Notwithstanding the higher taxes imposed on gasoline consumers in these and other industrialized countries, the basic price of gasoline is substantially greater than that in the US. You are welcome to advocate ever greater federal intervention—if not outright control of—into the production, refining and retailing of petroleum products, but bear in mind that those enterprises controlled by a federal agency have generally dismal records in producing goods and services at an efficient cost.

George Logan
Salem, Virginia

Babel Revisited

To the editors:

Ken Bode's article *Black Democrats at the Tower of Babel* (*TNR*, Dec. 27) saddened me a bit. Bode cited the existence of a group, The National Black Assembly, which plans on leaving the Democratic party and running its own candidate for President. They will do this "since the Democrats are not going to nominate a black candidate in 1976." According to Bode, state Sen. Julian Bond of Georgia and Mayor Richard Hatcher of Gary "are careful not to disavow the assembly's objectives." I wonder what these two fine men whom I respect would say were Hubert Humphrey or Ted Kennedy "careful not to disavow" the objectives of an independent white candidacy against Andy Young or Ron Dellums.

Rich Benson
Topeka, Kansas

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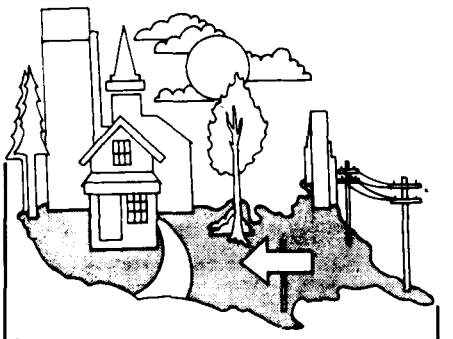

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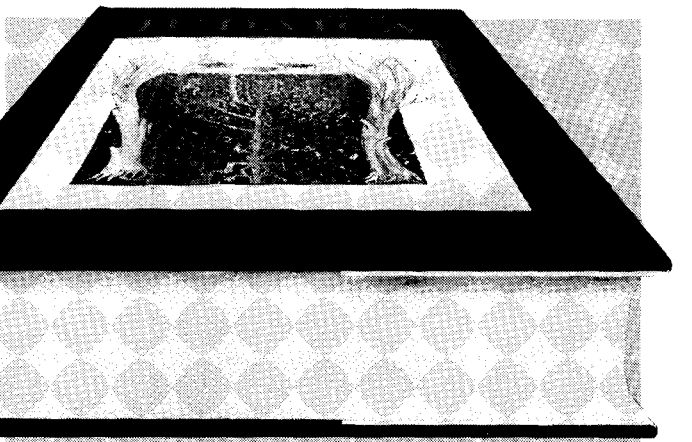

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